

MEN AGAINST **CRIME**

APRIL 10¢



MURDER — AND THE CROWD ROARS

STOOL PIGEON'S SWAN SONG

plus other exciting crime stories





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"There's no such animal," he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

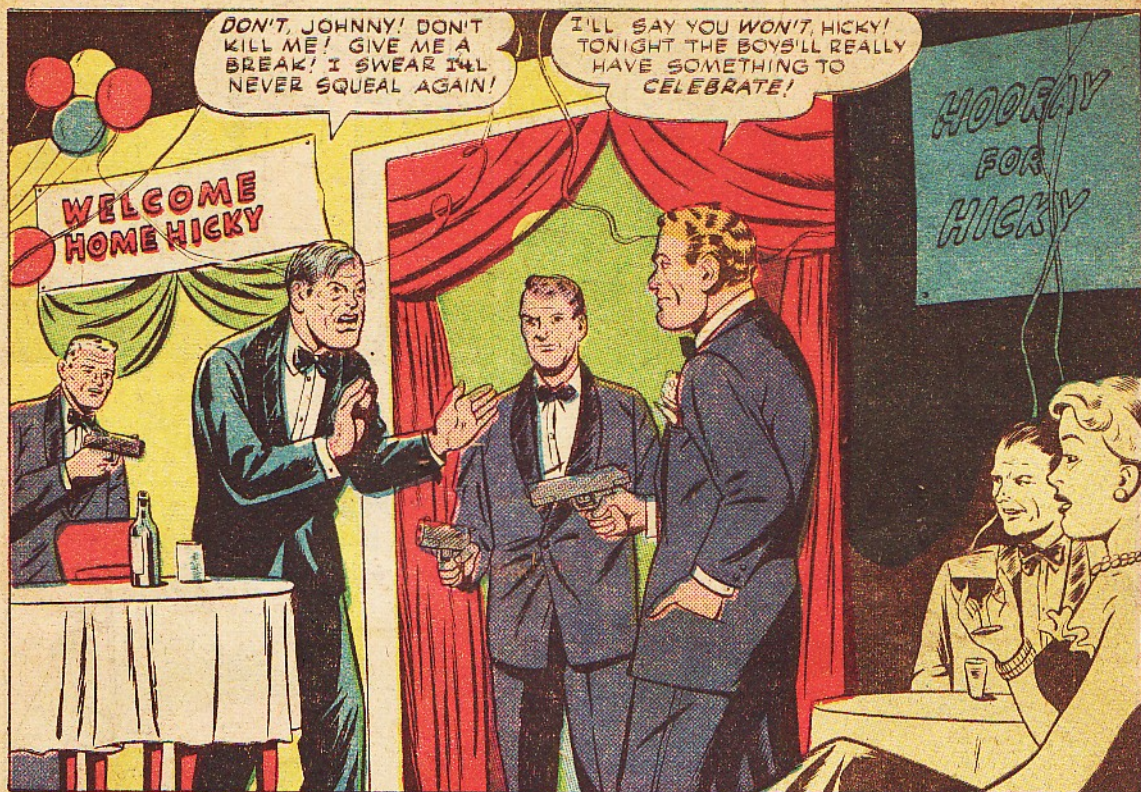
"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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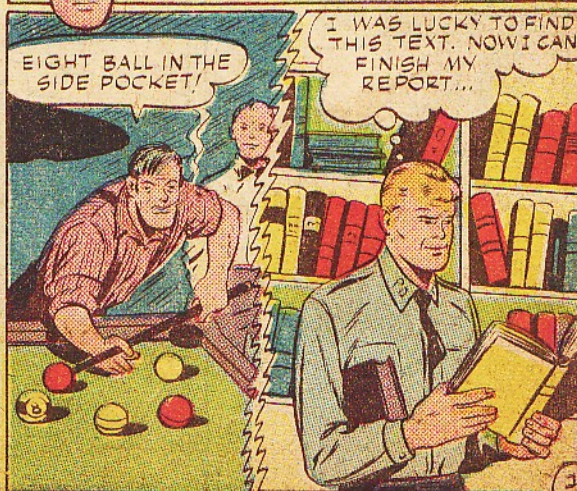
STOOL PIGEON'S SWAN SONG



THE MOST HATED MAN IN GANGLAND IS THAT SUB-HUMAN THING CALLED THE SQUEALER! NO COP IS A WORSE MENACE TO CRIMINALS THAN THE STOOLIE WHO'D SELL OUT HIS PAIS FOR A CIGARETTE PUFF, AND HICKY RANSE DIDN'T EVEN NEED THAT INCENTIVE. TOO COWARDLY TO PULL A TRIGGER, HE STILL COULDN'T RESIST THE FALSE LURE OF A FAST LIFE AND THE GREED TO MAKE A FAST BUCK. BUT WORST OF ALL, HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT— A WEAKNESS THAT TURNED HICKY RANSE INTO THE NUMBER ONE ENEMY OF GANGLAND!

THERE GOES MR. RANSE. POOR OLD GUY. HE USED TO BE SO GOOD TO HICKY AND ME WHEN WE WERE KIDS! USED TO BUY US CANDY AND BASEBALLS. TOOK US FISHING IN THE SUMMER, AND SKATING IN THE WINTER. TREATED ME AS IF I WERE HIS OWN SON. AND NOW— POOR OLD GUY— HIS HEART IS BROKEN!

"HE TRIED SO HARD TO PREVENT IT—THIS SPLIT THAT CAME BETWEEN HICKY AND ME. BUT AS TIME WENT ON, IT BECAME CLEARER THAT HICKY WAS GOING ONE WAY AND I ANOTHER!"





"THE VERY DAY I GRADUATED FROM POLICE COLLEGE, HICKY HIMSELF WAS GRADUATING- FROM POOLROOM SHARK TO GUNMAN!"

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO UPHOLD THE LAWS OF THIS COUNTRY, THIS STATE, AND THIS CITY...

HE'S SHOT! BEAT IT!

"AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, MY BEAT TOOK ME THROUGH HICKY'S STAMPING GROUNDS. IT HURT ME TO SEE HIM HANGING AROUND WITH THE DIRTIEST RACKETEERS AND GUNMEN..."



HICKY! COME HERE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

GO AHEAD, HICKY. YOUR COPPER FRIEND IS CALLING YOU!

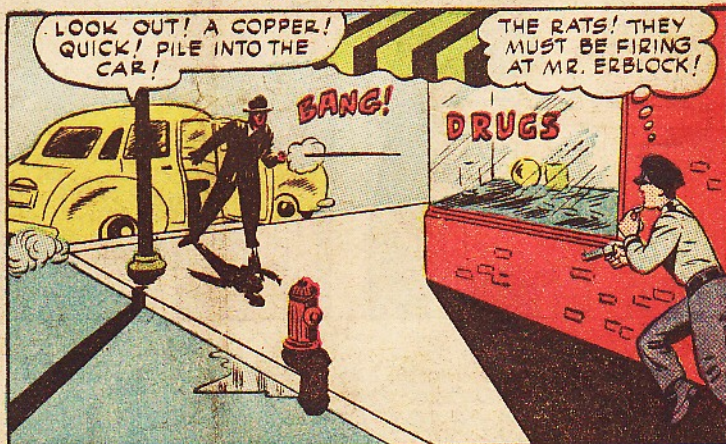
HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! WHAT DO YOU WANT, COPPER?



YOUR DAD ASKED ME TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN, HICKY. HE SAYS YOU'RE GETTING INTO TROUBLE.

THAT'S MY BUSINESS!

"IT WAS NO USE ARGUING. SOMETHING IN HICKY HAD GONE BAD, AND IT WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE GOOD. ABOUT A WEEK LATER, THE DRUGSTORE ON THE CORNER OF NINTH AND FROST STREETS WAS HELD UP..."



LOOK OUT! A COPPER! QUICK! PILE INTO THE CAR!

THE RATS! THEY MUST BE FIRING AT MR. ERBLOCK!

BANG!

DRUGS



IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T STOP THEM NOW! HOW'S MR. ERBLOCK?

HE'S DEAD!

DRUGS



"A HALF HOUR LATER..."

VINNY, WE JUST GOT THE NEWS IN A POLICE FLASH! THAT DRUGGIST YOU SHOT- ERBLOCK- HE'S CROAKED! THEY'RE THROWIN' OUT A DRAGNET!

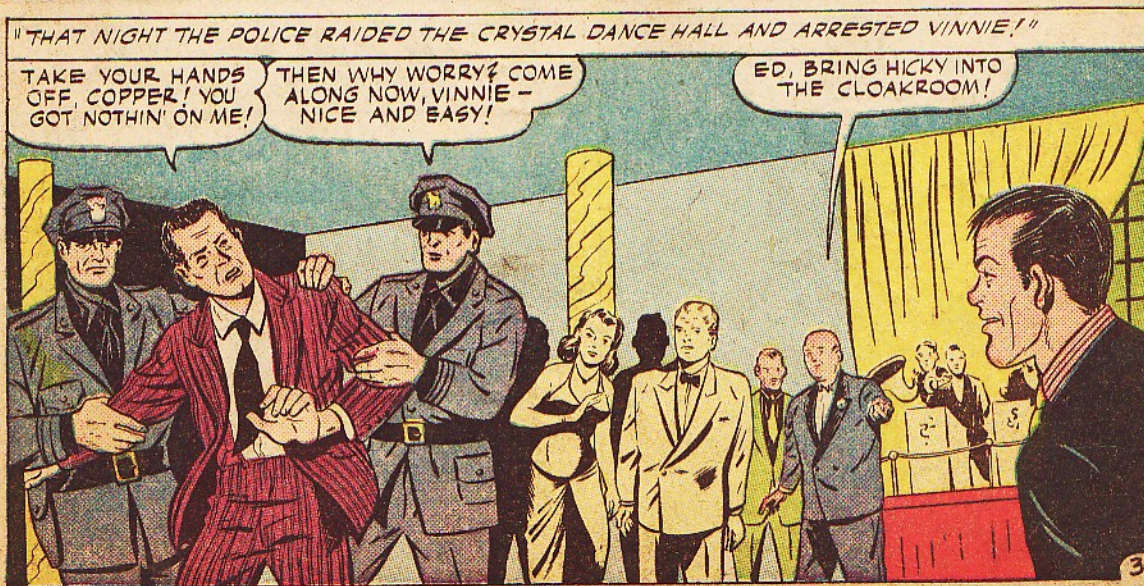
VINNY KILLED MR. ERBLOCK!

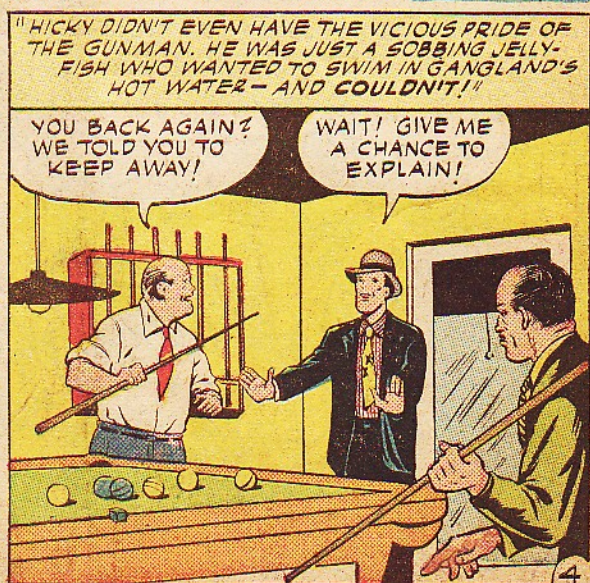
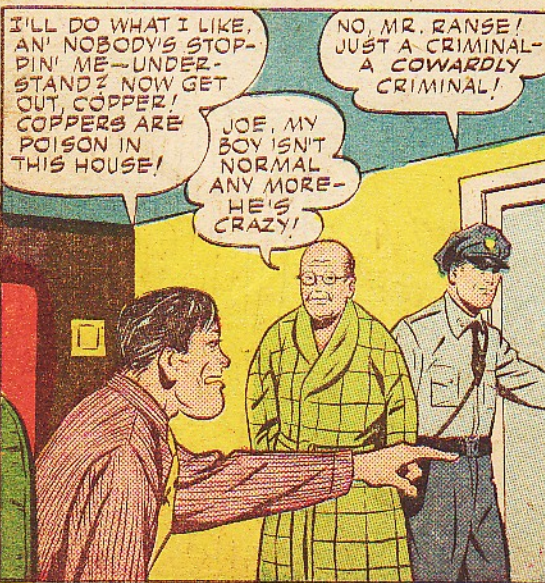
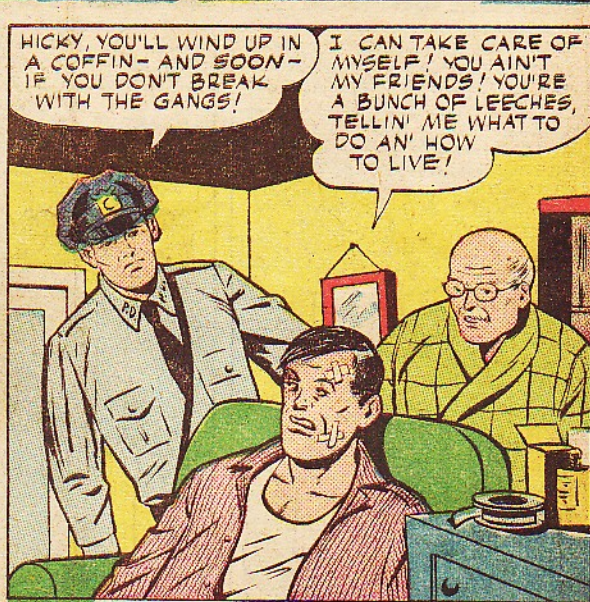
"EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE DRAGNET HAULED IN A MESS OF FISH- SHARKS AND SUCKERS INCLUDED!"



THAT GUY- SECOND FROM THE RIGHT- LOOKS SCARED ENOUGH TO SQUEAL IF WE PUMP HIM!

THAT'S HICKY RANSE, LIEUTENANT!







VINNY WILL GET THE CHAIR, AN' ONLY ONE GUY PUT HIM IN IT—YOU!

NO, BRACK! PLEASE—YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME A CHANCE! OWW!



GIVE ME CITY HOSPITAL, MAN! I GOTTA GET WITH A BROKEN ARM, KEEP THIS UP, HICKY, AND I'LL BE CALLING THE MORGUE NEXT TIME!

I GOTTA GET BACK INTO THE GANG! I GOTTA SHOW 'EM I AIN'T A SQUEALER!

"WHILE HICKY'S ARM WAS IN A CAST, HE STAYED HOME, BUT THE MOMENT HE STARTED CARRYING HIS ARM IN A SLING, THE OLD YEARNINGS RETURNED!"

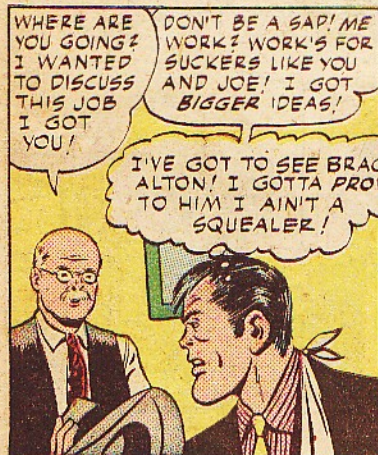
"BUT AS HICKY WAS CLIMBING THE LANDING TO BRACK'S APARTMENT..."

THAT'S SHERRY... BRACK'S OLD GIRL FRIEND. I SEEN THAT VALISE BEFORE! BRACK USED IT IN THE MORGAN PAYROLL STICKUP!

I'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE BRIDGE IN AN HOUR!

BUT IF THE MOB FINDS OUT YOU SKIPPED TOWN WITH ALL THE HOT DOUGH FROM THE MORGAN JOB, THEY'LL KILL US, BRACK!

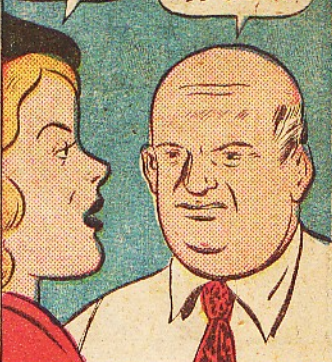
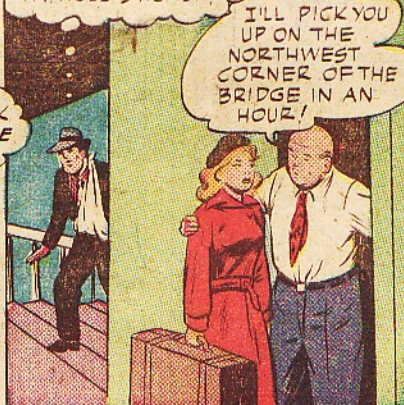
WE'LL GET OVER THE BORDER, GET HITCHED, AN' LIVE LIKE KINGS FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES ON THAT 150 GRAND!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANTED TO DISCUSS THIS JOB I GOT YOU!

DON'T BE A SAD! ME WORK! WORK'S FOR SUCKERS LIKE YOU AND JOE! I GOT BIGGER IDEAS!

I'VE GOT TO SEE BRACK ALTON! I GOTTA PROVE TO HIM I AIN'T A SQUEALER!



LATER...



HOLY CATS! BRACK IS TAKIN' A RUN-OUT POWDER! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SQUARE MYSELF WITH THE MOB! I'LL CALL ED RIGHT NOW!



HEY! WH--WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA BUSTIN' IN?

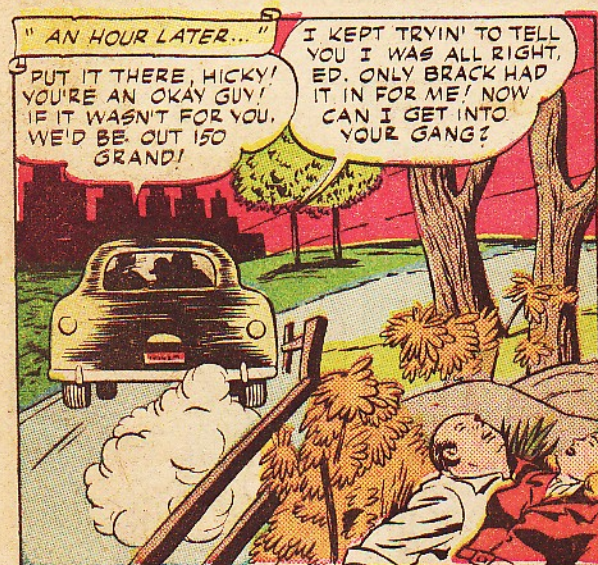
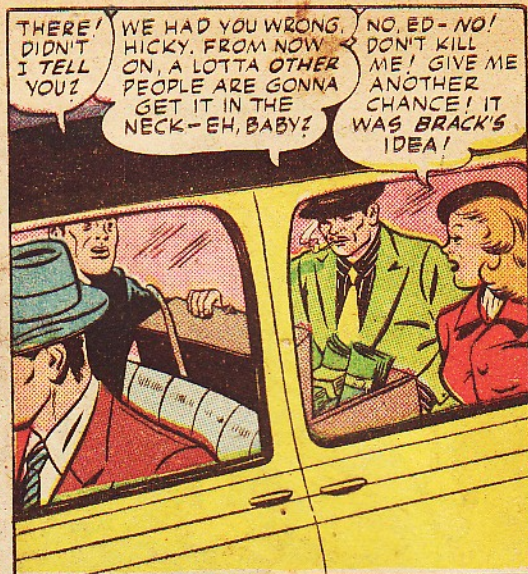
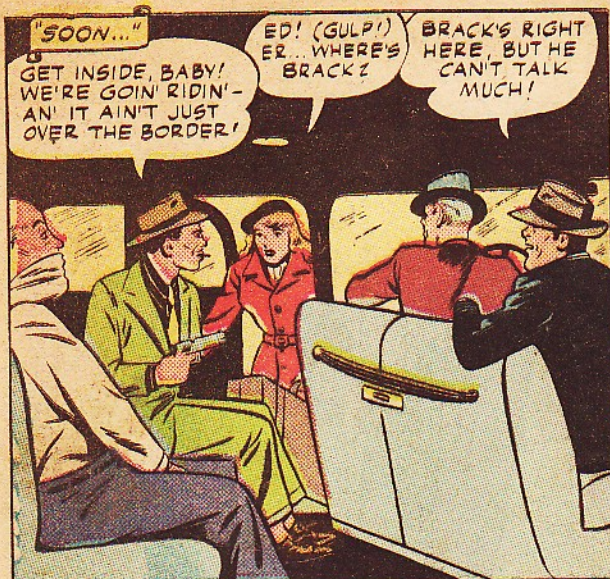
BRACK, YOU'RE A DIRTY, LYIN' DOUBLE-CROSSER!



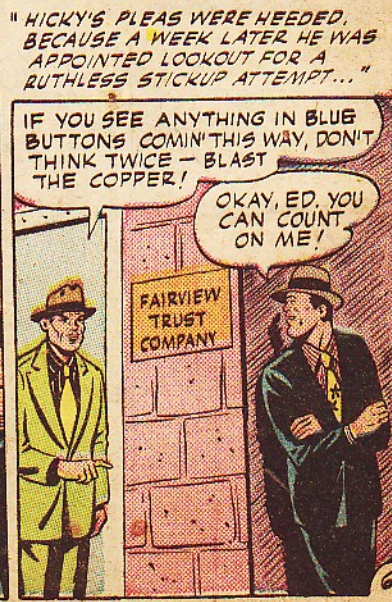
WE'RE GOIN' FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN YOUR CAR, BRACK. WE'RE GONNA MEET SHERRY ON THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE BRIDGE—AN' HEAVEN HELP YOU IF SHE'S GOT OUR DOUGH!

SHE SQUEALED!

SEE? THE GUYS SQUEAL-HAPPY! THE LOUSE TOLD YOU I SQUEALED, TOO, AN' I DIDN'T!



"BUT THOUGH THERE WAS A GUN IN HICKY'S HAND, THE NERVES THAT CONTROLLED IT WERE STILL WEAK, AND THE HEART THAT LUSTED FOR QUICK MONEY WAS STILL COWARDLY."



"SOON..."

GET INSIDE, BABY! WE'RE GOIN' RIDIN' - AN' IT AIN'T JUST OVER THE BORDER!

ED! (GULP!) ER... WHERE'S BRACK?

BRACK'S RIGHT HERE, BUT HE CAN'T TALK MUCH!

THERE! DIDN'T I TELL YOU?

WE HAD YOU WRONG, HICKY. FROM NOW ON, A LOTTA OTHER PEOPLE ARE GONNA GET IT IN THE NECK - EH, BABY?

NO, ED - NO! DON'T KILL ME! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! IT WAS BRACK'S IDEA!

"AN HOUR LATER..."

PUT IT THERE, HICKY! YOU'RE AN OKAY GUY! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, WE'D BE OUT 150 GRAND!

I KEPT TRYIN' TO TELL YOU I WAS ALL RIGHT, ED. ONLY BRACK HAD IT IN FOR ME! NOW CAN I GET INTO YOUR GANG?



"SO HICKY WAS REINSTATED INTO THE MOB WITH ALL HONORS AND PRIVILEGES. LIKE TOTING A GUN, FOR INSTANCE, AND COMING ALONG ON THE BIG STICKUPS..."

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT, YOU DUMMY? IF I HADN'T TURNED IN TIME ---

MY GUN JAMMED, ED! HONEST!

ED! BEAT IT! COPPERS! I HEAR 'EM COMIN'! THERE - IN THE SHADOWS!

WHERE?

TWO CATS! YOU YELLOW CRUMB! YOU'RE SCARED OF YOUR OWN SHADOW!

OWW! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN! YIIIIII!

"HICKY'S PLEAS WERE HEADED, BECAUSE A WEEK LATER HE WAS APPOINTED LOOKOUT FOR A RUTHLESS STICKUP ATTEMPT..."

IF YOU SEE ANYTHING IN BLUE BUTTONS COMIN' THIS WAY, DON'T THINK TWICE - BLAST THE COPPER!

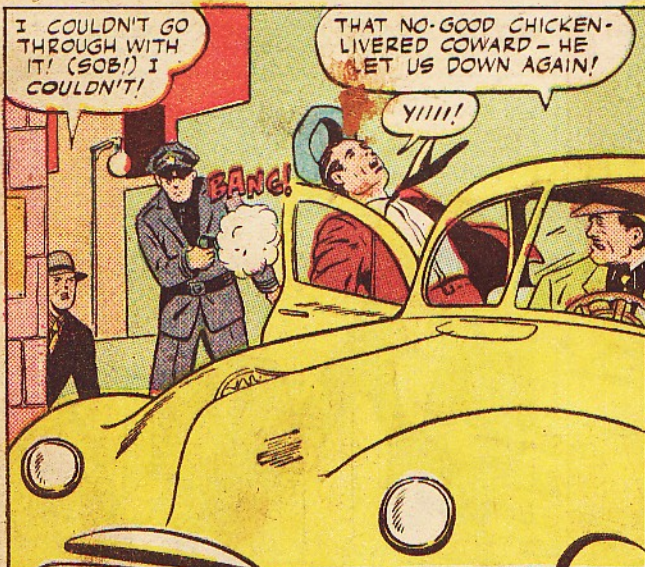
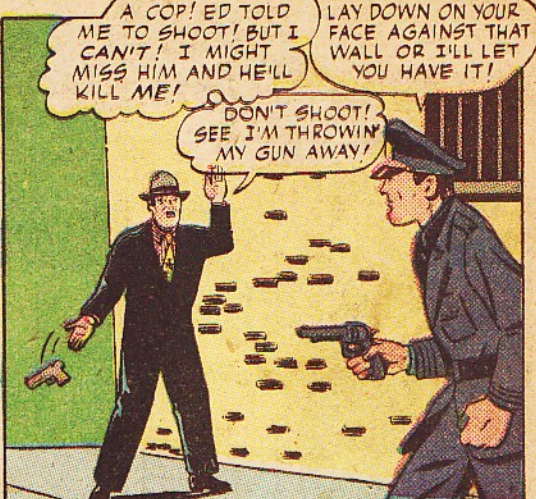
OKAY, ED. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

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"THE MOB WAS AFTER BONDS CARRIED BY TWO ARMED MESSENGERS. IN TRUE GANGSTER FASHION, THE MESSENGERS WEREN'T GIVEN A CHANCE!"



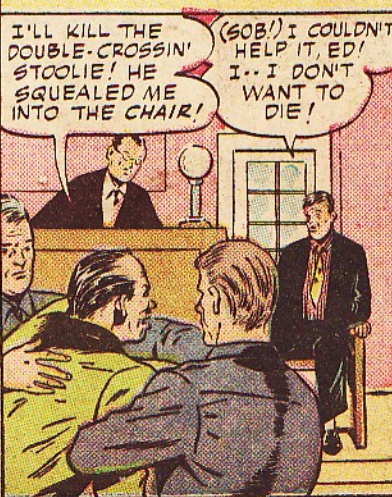
"THE SHOTS ECHOED FOR BLOCKS AROUND, AND A POLICEMAN IN A NEARBY BUILDING HEARD THEM..."



"BUT TEN HOURS LATER, IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE..."



"SO THE MURDER TRIAL PROCEEDED WITH HICKY AS THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE STATE..."



"FOR HIS ROLE IN THE KILLINGS, HICKY DREW 12 YEARS, EVERY DAY OF WHICH WAS A NIGHTMARE TO HIM AS THE UNDERWORLD, WHICH NEVER FORGETS A DOUBLE-CROSS, TRIED TO SQUARE THINGS!"



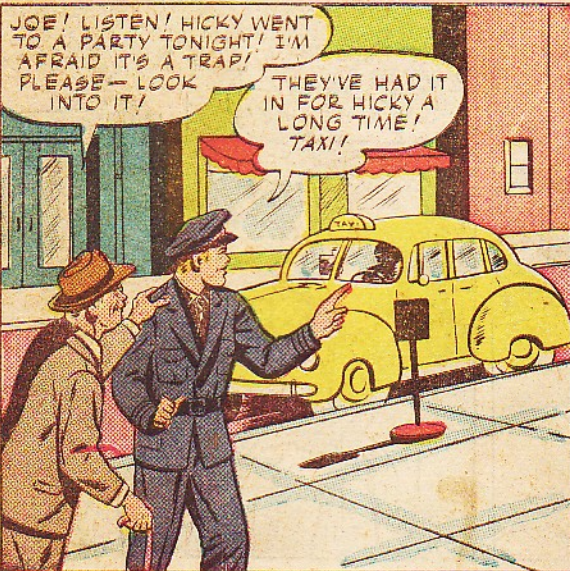
"RELEASED ON GOOD BEHAVIOR SEVEN YEARS LATER, THE GUARDS HAD TO ESCORT HICKY TO A RAILROAD TRAIN GOING UPSTATE. HERE HE HID OUT FOR TWO MONTHS, AFRAID TO SHOW HIMSELF, THAT IS, UNTIL THE OLD CRIMINAL YEARNINGS TOOK HOLD OF HIM ONCE MORE..."



"I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE TO SEE HICKY ON HIS RETURN. UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WERE OTHERS..."



"THE NEXT DAY HICKY WAS ALL SMILES. HE'D RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A PARTY FROM HIS 'OLD PALS'..."

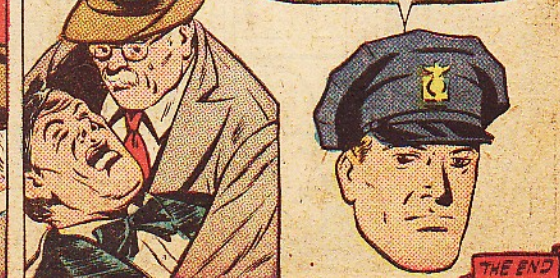


"BUT AS WE RACED THROUGH THE STREETS, THE JAWS OF THE TRAP WERE CLOSING!"



"POOR HICKY! (SOB!) HE WAS NO GOOD! (SOB!) BUT HE W-WAS MY SON!"

"AND THAT'S WHY MR. RANSE WALKS THE STREETS TODAY, A BROKEN MAN! HE DESERVED SOMETHING BETTER THAN A BROKEN HEART. BUT HICKY RANSE AND HIS KIND—THEY NEVER THINK OF ANYONE BUT THEMSELVES! THAT'S WHY THEY MEET THE FATE THAT BEFALLS ALL WHO RESORT TO MURDER—A VIOLENT DEATH!"



THE END

TOO HOT^{to} HANDLE

OKAY, FATHEAD... YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD! I WARNED YOU THE FEDS WERE ON YOUR TAIL, AND NOW THEY'RE COMIN'! WELL, I'M LAMMIN' OUT... AND WITH YOUR DOUGH!

WHA...? YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS!



THIS WAS THE SCENE THAT WAS GOING ON IN LEW MORGAN'S OFFICE AS THE F.B.I. CLOSED IN WITH ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND MORGAN AWAY FOR LIFE!

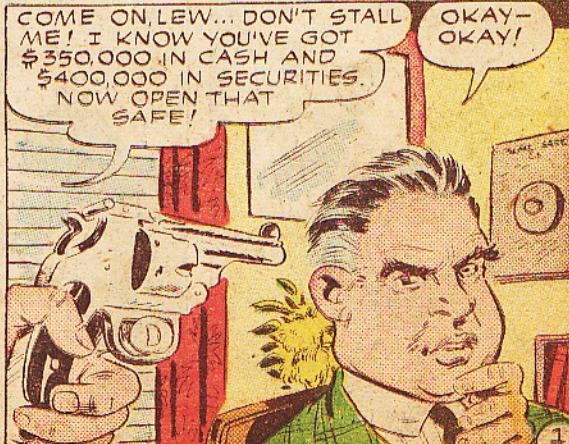
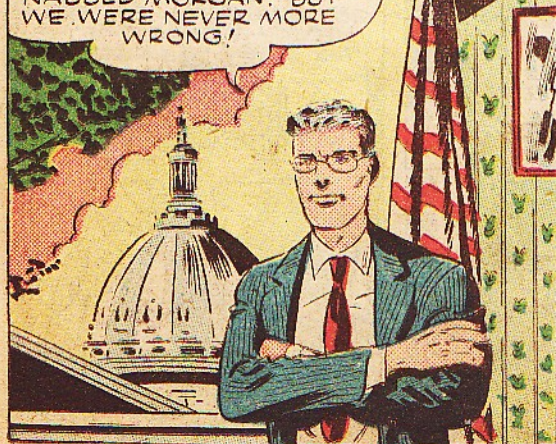
"GET THE BIG BOYS AND THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION WILL CRUMBLE!" THAT WAS HOW F.B.I. AGENT, MEL HARKNESS, SAW THE CRIME SITUATION... AND IT HAD ALWAYS HELD TRUE... UNTIL THE CRACKING OF LEW MORGAN'S MOB. MORGAN'S STRONG-ARM BOY, ARCH BETTNER, MANAGED TO ESCAPE AND BUILD UP THE BIGGEST NAME IN THE UNDERWORLD. BUT LET AGENT HARKNESS TELL THE STORY...

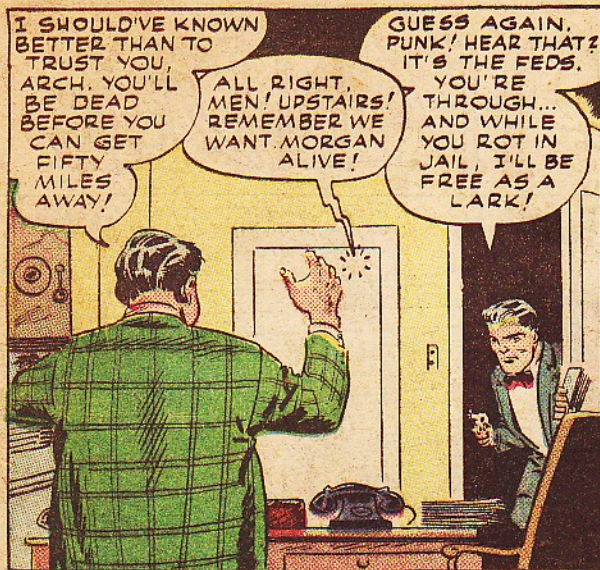
WE HADN'T ANY FILE ON ARCH BETTNER. WE FIGURED THAT HE, WITH THE REST OF MORGAN'S GANG, WOULD FOLD UP OPERATIONS AFTER WE NABBED MORGAN! BUT WE WERE NEVER MORE WRONG!

"IT WAS 1933... PROHIBITION HAD BEEN REPEALED, BUT ILLEGAL HOOCH WASN'T MORGAN'S ONLY CRIME. THE BIG BOY HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN MORE KILLINGS AND RACKETEERING THAN HE COULD COUNT."

COME ON, LEW... DON'T STALL ME! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT \$350,000 IN CASH AND \$400,000 IN SECURITIES. NOW OPEN THAT SAFE!

OKAY—OKAY!





I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU, ARCH. YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU CAN GET FIFTY MILES AWAY!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! UPSTAIRS! REMEMBER WE WANT MORGAN ALIVE!

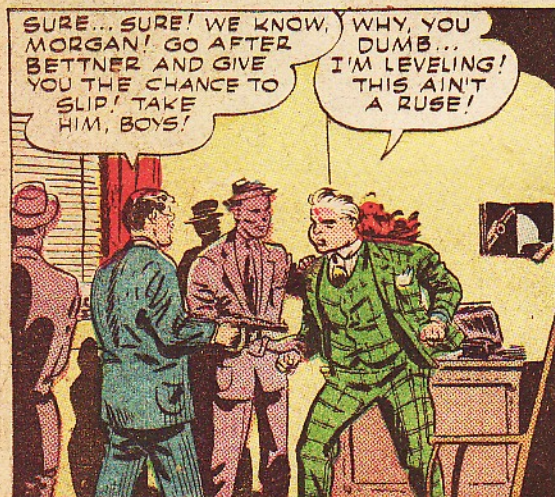
GUESS AGAIN, PUNK! HEAR THAT? IT'S THE FEDS. YOU'RE THROUGH... AND WHILE YOU ROT IN JAIL, I'LL BE FREE AS A LARK!



OKAY, MORGAN... YOUR GAME'S UP! BE A GOOD BOY AND COME ALONG PEACEFULLY!

SURE... SURE... BUT GO GET BETTNER! HE JUST LEFT BY THAT DOOR WITH 750 G'S OF MINE! IF YOU HURRY YOU CAN GET THE LOUSE!

"ACCEPTING THIS AS AN OLD TRICK, WE DIDN'T BITE. BESIDES, WE HAD THE MAN WE WERE SENT AFTER..."

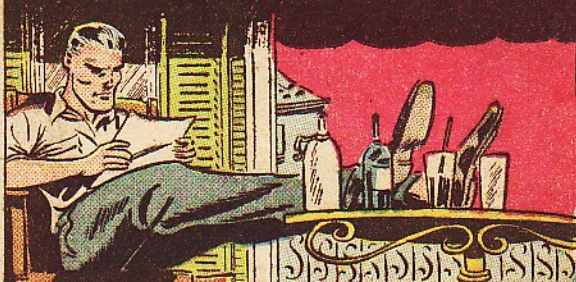


SURE... SURE! WE KNOW, MORGAN! GO AFTER BETTNER AND GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO SLIP! TAKE HIM, BOYS!

WHY, YOU DUMB... I'M LEVELING! THIS AIN'T A RUSE!

"MORGAN WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IN ALCATRAZ. ARCH BETTNER DISAPPEARED, FEARING MORGAN'S WRATH, HE'D SKIPPED TO RIO DE JANEIRO, AND FIVE YEARS LATER..."

WELL, AIN'T THAT NICE! MORGAN KICKED OFF IN STIR! GUESS I CAN HEAD BACK HOME NOW. MY DOUGH'S ABOUT RUN OUT!



EVEN IF SOME OF THE OLD BOYS ARE STILL AROUND, THEY WON'T BOTHER ME! WITH MORGAN DEAD, THERE'S NOBODY TO PAY OFF FOR RUBBING ME OUT! I GOT BIG PLANS FOR THE FUTURE!



"ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, BETTNER LOST NO TIME IN TRYING TO LOCATE SOME OF HIS OLD COHORTS. THE FIRST OF THESE WAS 'MOUSY' HALLET..."



HELLO, MOUSY! REMEMBER ME?

HUH...? WHY IT'S... ARCH BETTNER! WHERE YA BEEN?

JUST TOOK A LONG VACATION. I'VE GOT BIG IDEAS, MOUSY... AND YOU'VE GOT AN "IN"! TELL ME, YOU STILL IN TOUCH WITH THE BOYS?

SURE, ARCH. I SEE 'EM FROM TIME TO TIME. BUT MOST OF 'EM ARE OUTTA THE RACKETS NOW!



DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, MOUSY. WHEN THEY HEAR MY IDEAS, THEY'LL ALL WANT TO COME IN. NOW, GET ON THE PHONE AND GET 'EM DOWN HERE NOW... TONIGHT!

SURE, ARCH! JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS, HUH?



"THAT SAME NIGHT..."

EVERYBODY HERE? GOOD! NOW, LISTEN... HERE'S MY PLAN. I'M FED UP WITH THE ACTION-STUFF. I CAN MAKE A PERFECT BLUEPRINT LAYOUT FOR ANY JOB WE WANT TO PULL. THERE'LL BE NO RISKS... NO SNAGS. I MAKE THE PLANS... YOU GUYS PULL THE JOB OFF. I STAY IN THE BACKGROUND!



I GOTCHA, ARCH. BUT LEMME ASK YOU ONE THING. WHAT SLICE OF THE TAKIN'S DO YOU GET FOR YOUR BLUE-PRINTS?

ONE THIRD! BUT RE-MEMBER, MOST OF THE TIME IT WON'T EVEN BE NECESSARY TO FIRE A SINGLE SHOT! YOU'LL BE SAFE AS BABES IN A CRIB!

THAT LEAVES US TWO THIRDS TO SPLIT! IT'S A FAIR DEAL, JOEY!



"THEN BETTNER PUT IN A DISAPPEARANCE ACT AT WHICH HE WAS EXTREMELY ADEPT. A WEEK DRAGGED BY... THEN A SECOND..."

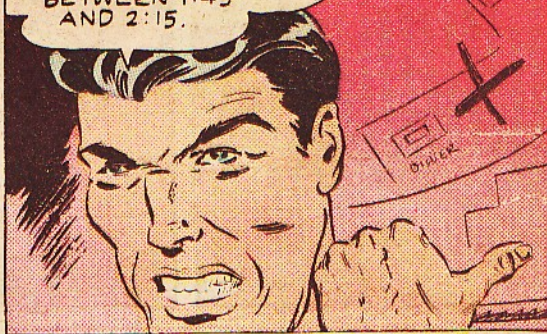
WHAT'S WITH THIS PHONY BETTNER? WHERE IS HE? I THINK HE WAS JUST LETTIN' OFF STEAM!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, JOEY! HE DOES A THOROUGH JOB!



"FINALLY, BETTNER ARRIVED WITH HIS BLUEPRINTS..."

WE TAKE THIS BANK AT 2:00 P.M. ON FRIDAY. THEY'LL HAVE A PAYROLL READY TO BE PICKED UP BY MESSENGERS AT THREE... ABOUT \$20,000! THE BANK GUARD TAKES HIS LUNCH AT THE DINER AROUND THE CORNER BETWEEN 1:45 AND 2:15.



"AT BETTNER'S INSISTENCE, THE BOYS STUDIED THE PLANS FOR THREE DAYS, AND LATE ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON..."

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, ARCH! IT WAS PERFECT! HERE'S THE CASH!

YEAH... EASY AS PIE! NO TROUBLE AT ALL! IT'S ALMOST NO FUN WITHOUT THE SHOOTING!



... AND USE THIS ROAD FOR THE GET-AWAY... NO TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

JUST KEEP 'EM UP AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT!

NOT A COP IN SIGHT! ARCH SURE KNOWS HOW TO PLAN A JOB!



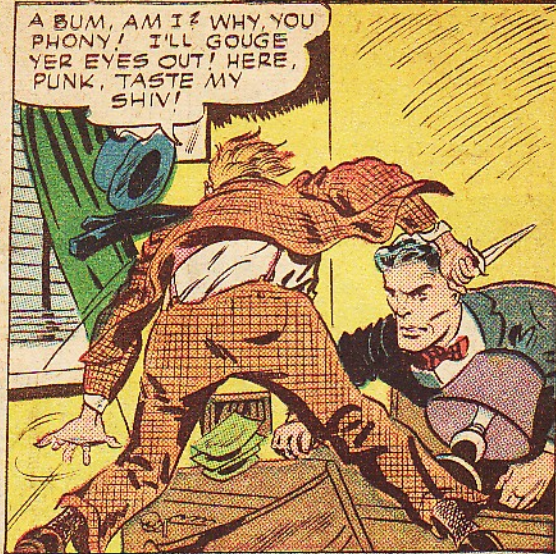
"FROM APRIL, 1938 TO OCTOBER, 1939, THE GANG FOUND BETTNER'S BLUEPRINTS FLAWLESS. THEY WERE ABLE TO PULL JOB AFTER JOB WITHOUT A BLUNDER..."

"THEN, THINGS CAME TO A HEAD IN NOVEMBER, 1939. JOEY HAD THE BOYS ON HIS SIDE..."

ME AN' THE BOYS BEEN TALKIN', ARCH. YOU'VE BEEN TAKIN' THE BIGGEST CUT WHILE WE TAKE THE RISKS!

WHY, YOU BUM... WHAT RISKS? IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU'D STILL BE WEARING \$20 SUITS!

A BUM, AM I? WHY, YOU PHONY! I'LL GOUGE YER EYES OUT! HERE, PUNK, TASTE MY SHIV!



I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D CAUSE ME TROUBLE! BUT I'M TOO FAST FOR YOU... AND I HAVE AN AVERSION TO KNIVES!

THAT'S TOO BAD, 'CAUSE WHEN I FINISH WITH YOU... UGH!

DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'M GLAD THIS HAPPENED. YOU UNGRATEFUL SCUM! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU AND THIS WHOLE PENNY-ANTE DEAL! I'M OUT FOR BIG KILLINGS! YOU SMALL-TIME PUNKS HAVE BEEN HOLDING ME BACK. SO LONG, SUCKERS!

"ARCH BETTNER MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD LAUGH WHEN HE READ ABOUT THE END OF HIS FORMER ASSOCIATES..."

HA! THOSE STUPES! THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT ME! HA! I'M BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM HOLDING ME BACK!

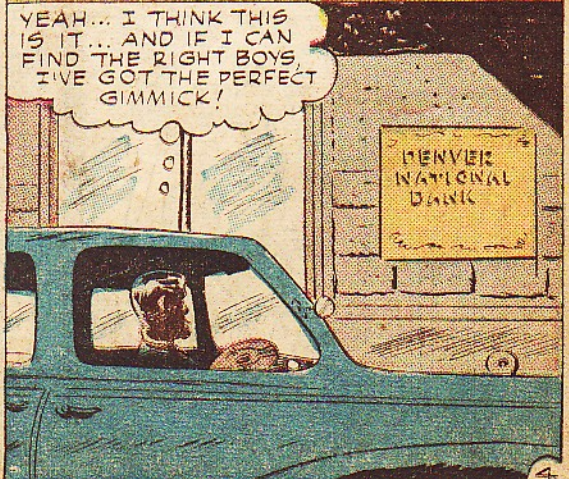
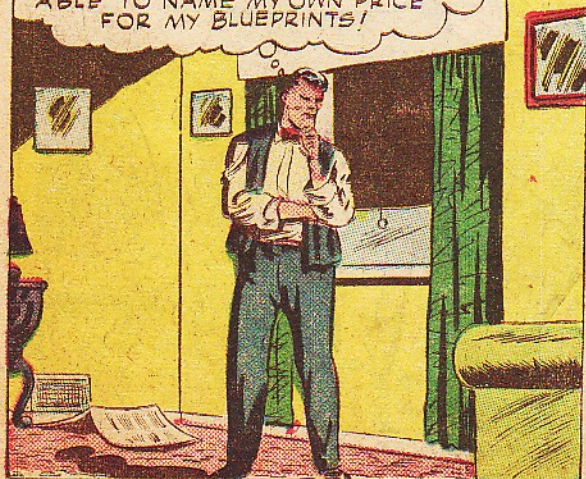
3 KILLED, 2 CAPTURED IN DARING HOLDUP!



IF I COULD PULL A MILLION DOLLAR HAUL, ALMOST SINGLE-HANDED, THEN THE BIG BOYS WOULD NOTICE ME. THEY'D COME TO ME... I'D BE ABLE TO NAME MY OWN PRICE FOR MY BLUEPRINTS!

"SLOWLY, METHODICALLY, BETTNER TRAVELED AROUND THE COUNTRY, CONSIDERING BANK AFTER BANK. FINALLY, IN THE SPRING OF 1940, HE FOUND HIS TARGET IN DENVER..."

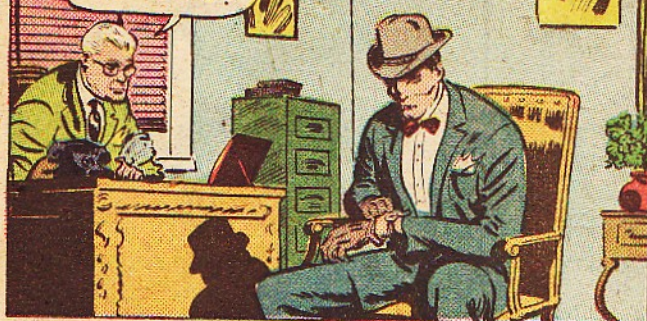
YEAH... I THINK THIS IS IT... AND IF I CAN FIND THE RIGHT BOYS, I'VE GOT THE PERFECT GIMMICK!



"WITH FORGED CREDENTIALS, BETTNER POSED AS A BUSINESSMAN INTERESTED IN A LOAN, IN ORDER TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THE BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE..."

IT'S ALMOST CLOSING TIME. I'VE GOT TO STALL HIM UNTIL EVERYONE IS OUT OF THE BANK...

... AND JUST HOW LARGE A LOAN DID YOU WANT TO MAKE?



EXCUSE ME, MR. STEVENS. I'VE FINISHED WITH ALL MY ENTRIES. I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE. SHALL I LOCK THE VAULT?

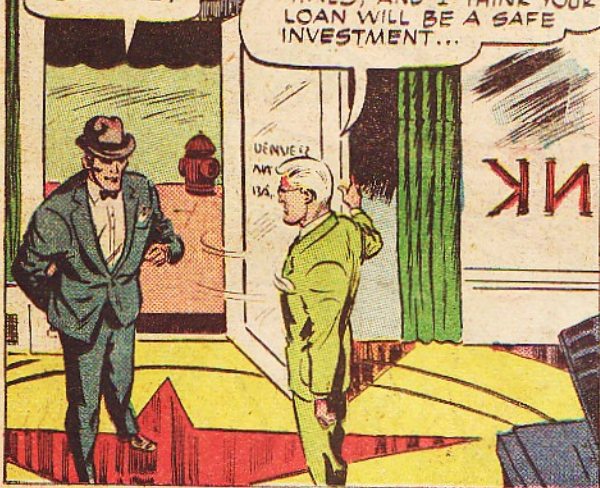
EH...? OH, NO. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF GOOD NIGHT!

HE'S THE LAST ONE. GOOD! EVERYTHING'S GOING OFF JUST AS I PLANNED!



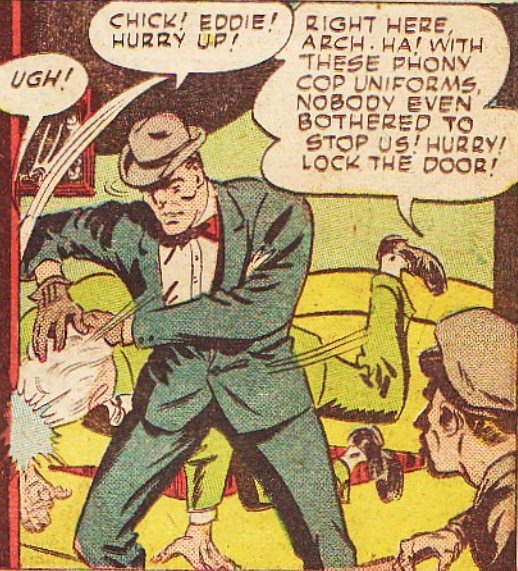
WELL, YOU HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION. SORRY I ARRIVED SO LATE!

NO INCONVENIENCE AT ALL. JUST GIVE US A FEW DAYS TO CHECK YOUR CREDENTIALS, AND I THINK YOUR LOAN WILL BE A SAFE INVESTMENT...



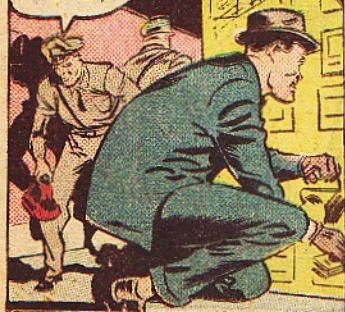
CHICK! EDDIE! HURRY UP!

RIGHT HERE, ARCH. HA! WITH THESE PHONY COP UNIFORMS, NOBODY EVEN BOTHERED TO STOP US! HURRY! LOCK THE DOOR!



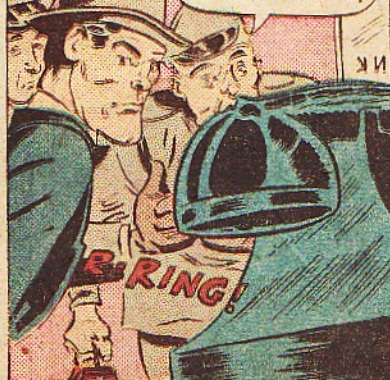
OH, BROTHER, I NEVER SEEN SO MUCH DOUGH IN ALL MY LIFE! SURE GLAD YA LOOKED ME UP, ARCH. THERE MUST BE OVER A MILLION BUCKS HERE!

YOU CAN BET ON IT! THERE'S NOTHIN' SMALL ABOUT ARCH BETTNER!



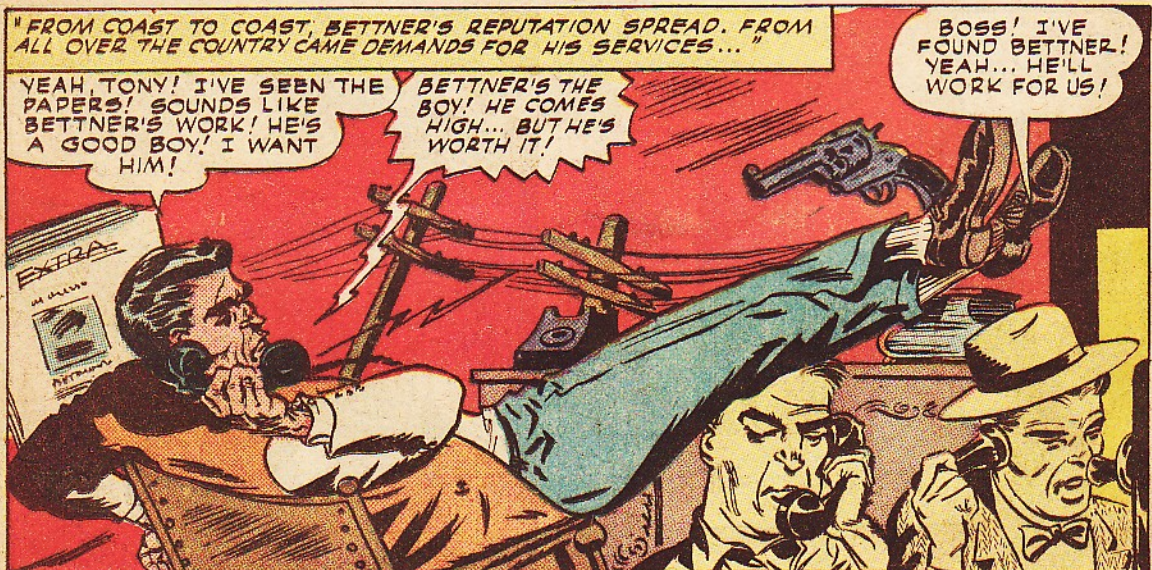
NOW REMEMBER... WALK SLOWLY. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. WHAT'S THAT?

A PHONE RINGING! THERE! ON THAT DESK! DON'T ANSWER IT! C'MON, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



DON'T GET NERVOUS! IT MIGHT BE FOR STEVENS OVER THERE... AND IF I DON'T ANSWER IT, SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO GET SUSPICIOUS... GOOD AFTERNOON... DENVER NATIONAL BANK...





"WHILE BETTNER'S BLUEPRINTS WERE PROVIDING THE UNDER-WORLD WITH SUCCESSFUL JOBS, I WAS IN DENVER, PATIENTLY WAITING FOR STEVENS TO RECOVER FROM HIS CONCUSSION..."



"HE KEPT MOVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN. SEVERAL TIMES WE WERE RIGHT ON HIS NECK... ONLY TO HAVE HIM SLIP OUT. THEN, THREE MONTHS AFTER THE DENVER BANK JOB..."

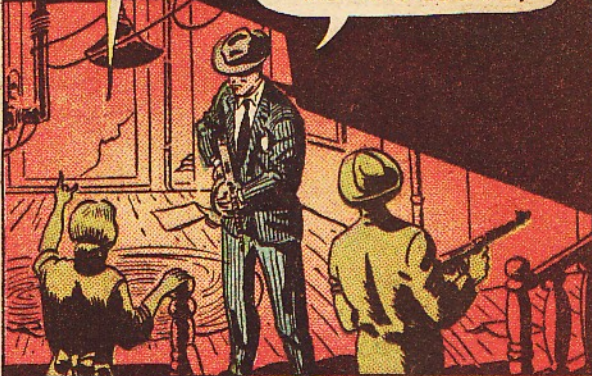
... AND I THINK IT'S THE MAN YER AFTER. HE'S GOT A FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT IN MY ROOMIN' HOUSE. HURRY!



"IN TEN MINUTES WE HAD THE HOUSE SURROUNDED. AGENTS BORDEN, JANNINGS, AND MYSELF CLIMBED THE FIVE FLIGHTS..."

SURE AND THAT'S THE ROOM THERE, MR. HARKNESS!

THANK YOU. YOU'D BETTER GET DOWNSTAIRS NOW. JANNINGS! COVER THE ROOF! HE MAY TRY THE FIRE-ESCAPE!



ALL RIGHT, BETTNER! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! WE'VE GOT THE BLOCK SURROUNDED!

THE FEDS! I'M TRAPPED! BUT HOW'D THEY FIND OUT WHERE I WAS... WAIT! MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT AFTER ALL!



IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME, COPPER!

DUCK! HE'S SHOOTING! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH IN. THE DOOR LOOKS AS IF IT'LL GIVE WITH ONE GOOD LUNGE! GET READY!



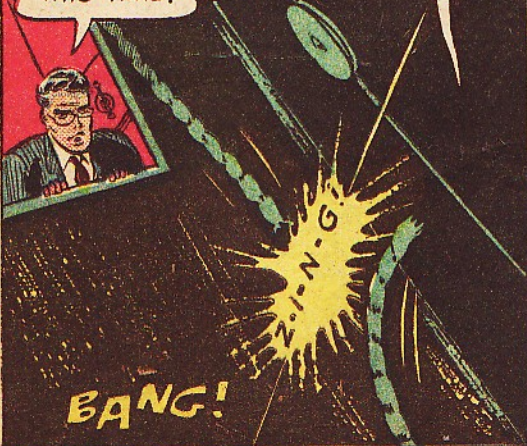
WHAT IN THE NAME OF... HE'S NOT HERE! NOBODY'S HERE!

WAIT! LISTEN... KNOCKING! IT'S COMING FROM OVER THERE! HE'S GOING DOWN THE DUMBWAITER!



COME ON, BETTNER! I TOLD YOU WE HAVE THE BLOCK SURROUNDED! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

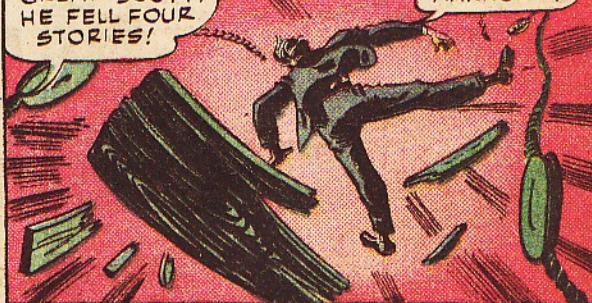
NUTS TO YOU, COPPER! HERE. EAT SOME OF MY LEAD!



"HOSTILE TO THE VERY END, IT WAS BETTNER'S OWN BULLET, MEANT FOR ME, THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH!"

GREAT SCOTT! HE FELL FOUR STORIES!

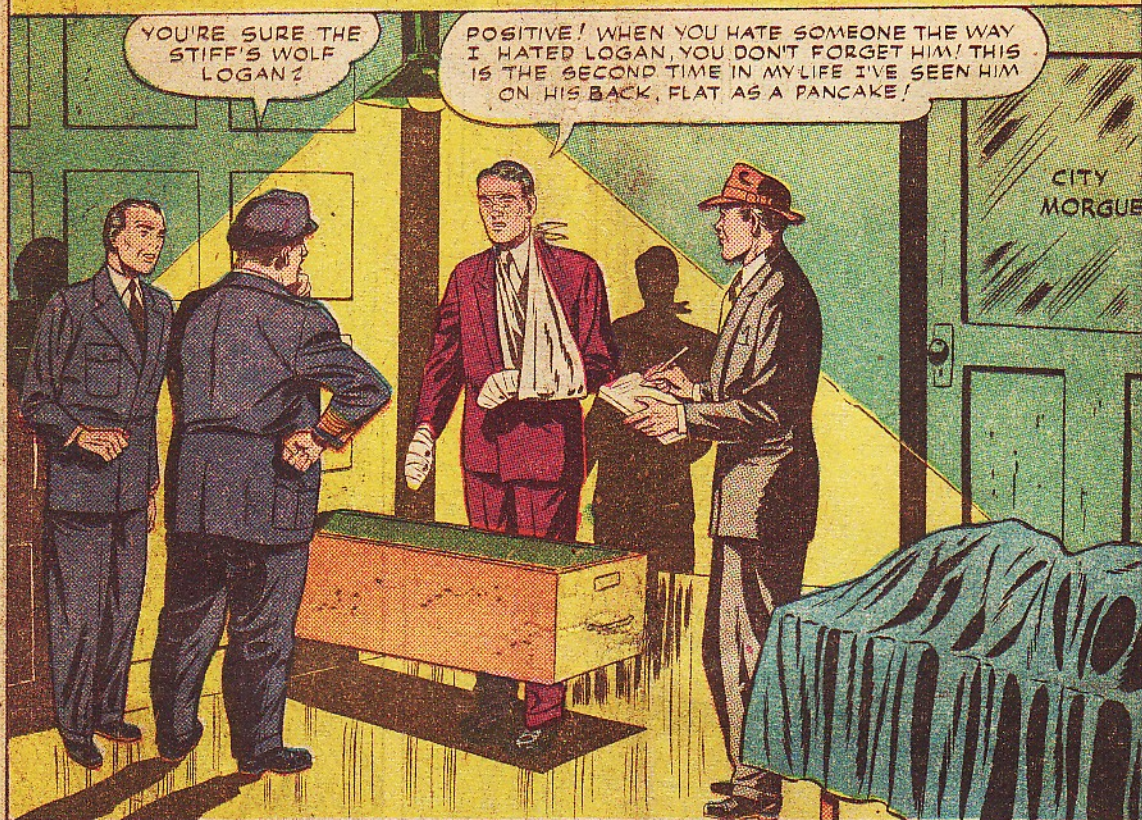
AARRGHHH!



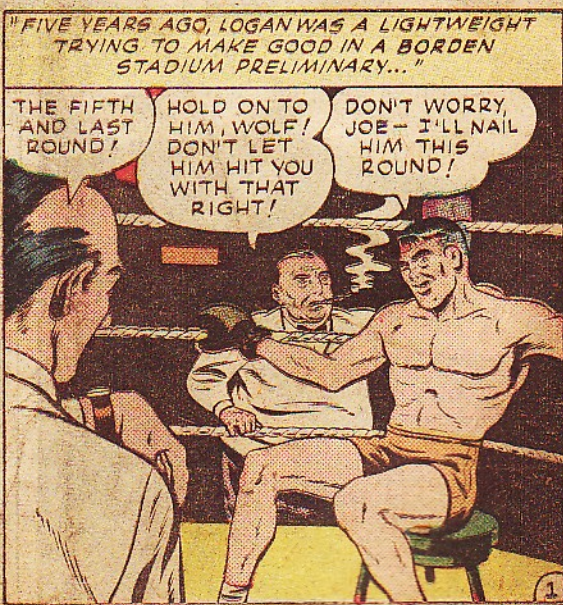
"AND THAT WAS THE CRIME CAREER OF ARCH BETTNER, CRIMINAL EXTRAORDINARY. THAT THE MAN POSSESSED A BRILLIANT MIND WAS WITHOUT DOUBT... BUT HE WAS LOST FROM THE VERY BEGINNING WHEN HE FORGOT TO MAKE THE PERFECT 'BLUEPRINT' FOR ESCAPE!"

THE END

MURDER-And the Crowd Roars



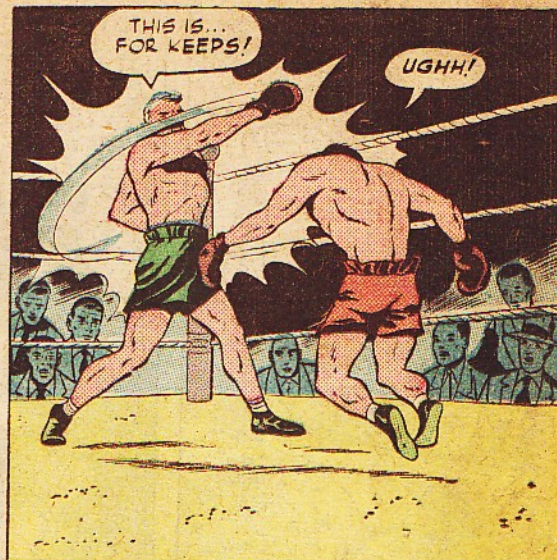
WOLF LOGAN HAD TAKEN THE SUCCESS ELEVATOR. HE WAS NOW PLAYING THE MIGHTY GARDEN WHERE SWEATING HULKS BATTERED EACH OTHER INTO BLOODY OBLIVION WHILE THE CROWDS ROARED. BUT WOLF LOGAN SNEERED, FOR HE WAS THE KING MAKER, WHOSE BETTING EMPIRE ENGENDERED EACH FIGHTER AND MADE HIM A LEATHER-FISTED PAWN IN THE COLLOSAL RINGSIDE GAME WOLF PLAYED. YES, WOLF'S BET ALMOST NEVER LOST BECAUSE HE PAID OFF IN TERRIBLE VIOLENCE WHEN HE WAS CROSSED!



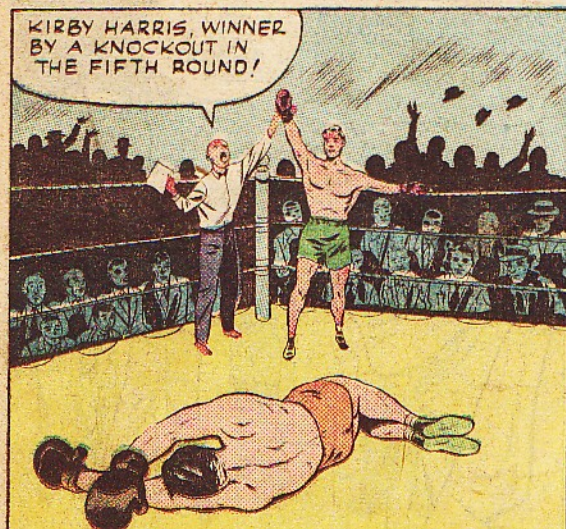
"BUT THINGS WENT BAD FOR WOLF IN THAT ROUND..."

(GASP) KIRBY, LAY OFF! TAKE A NOSE DIVE AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, YOU BUM! BREAK! QUIT STALLING!



KIRBY HARRIS, WINNER BY A KNOCKOUT IN THE FIFTH ROUND!



I'LL FIX YOU, KIRBY! THERE'LL BE NO BIG TIME FOR YOU - NEVER!

G'WAN, WOLF, TAKE YOUR LICKIN' LIKE A MAN!



WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW, WOLF?

I'M THROUGH, MIKE. I'VE BEEN LICKED AND I DON'T INTEND TO HANG AROUND AND BECOME ONE OF YOUR STUMBLE BUMS. I'VE BEEN THINKING, THERE ARE MORE WAYS TO WIN A FIGHT THAN BEING IN THE RING!

"IT WAS WOLF'S LAST FIGHT, BUT HE HADN'T QUIT THE FIGHTING GAME BY A LONG SHOT! IT DIDN'T MATTER TO WOLF WHO WON OR LOST IN THE RING NOW, BECAUSE WOLF'S MONEY RODE THE WINNER ALL THE TIME!"

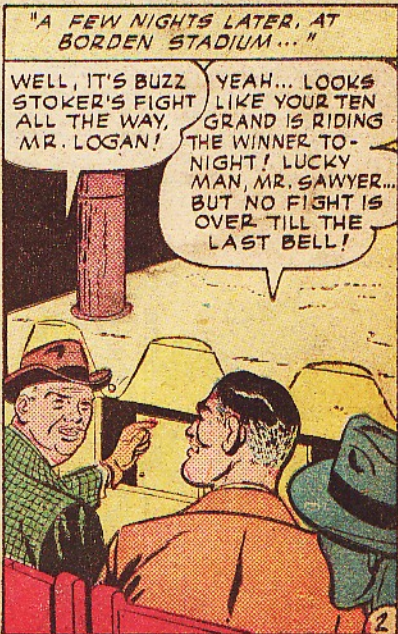
OKAY, I'LL TAKE A NOSEDIVE IN THE SIXTH, BUT I'M WARNING YOU, THIS GUY'S SO BAD THAT IT WON'T LOOK RIGHT!

HERE'S 500 NOW AND YOU'LL GET 500 WHEN IT'S OVER! AND YOU BETTER MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

"A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT BORDEN STADIUM..."

WELL, IT'S BUZZ STOKER'S FIGHT ALL THE WAY, MR. LOGAN!

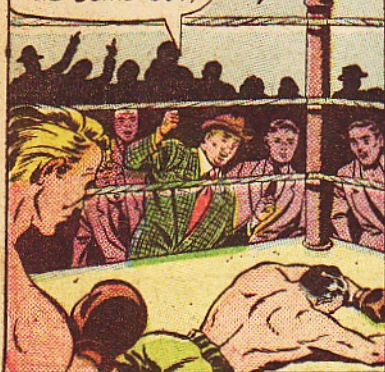
YEAH... LOOKS LIKE YOUR TEN GRAND IS RIDING THE WINNER TO-NIGHT! LUCKY MAN, MR. SAWYER... BUT NO FIGHT IS OVER TILL THE LAST BELL!



"SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH ROUND, BUZZ STOKER WAS DROPPED TO THE CANVAS LIKE A WET HERRING!"

IT'S A FAKE!
A CROOKED
FIGHT! THROW
THE BUMS OUT!

BOO!



AND WHAT'S MORE, MR. LOGAN, I'M NOT PAYING OFF THAT TEN GRAND BET! I DON'T LIKE LOSING MONEY ON A FIXED FIGHT!

EXIT



LISTEN, SAWYER! NOBODY CHEATS WOLF LOGAN! SIT DOWN, CROCK, NITRO! DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID!

"A FEW DAYS LATER..."

BOSS, BUZZ STOKER WANTS TO TALK TO YA!

THROW THE BUM OUT! HE MADE THE FIGHT LOOK SO BAD, THEY COULDN'T EVEN FILL 500 SEATS AT BORDEN STADIUM FOR TWO NIGHTS RUNNING!



WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING... ULP!

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, BUZZ? LOUDER! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU!



THROW HIM OUT! MAKE SURE HE BOUNCES A FEW TIMES! AND, NITRO... GET THAT FAT WELCHER SAWYER ON THE PHONE. I'M THROUGH PLAYING WITH HIM!

RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!

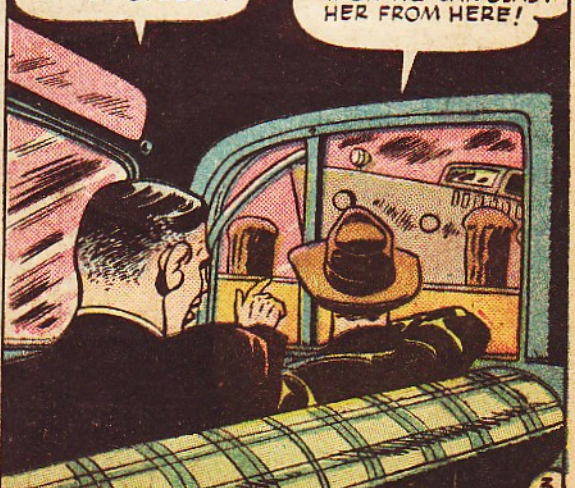


WHAT? YOU'RE GOING WHERE? TO SOUTH AMERICA IN YOUR PRIVATE YACHT? BETTER NOT LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING ME OFF... WHY THE DIRTY...! HE HUNG UP! LET'S GET THE CAR!



THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, NITRO? YOU'VE BLOWN SAFES BEFORE! THIS IS JUST A LITTLE BIGGER!

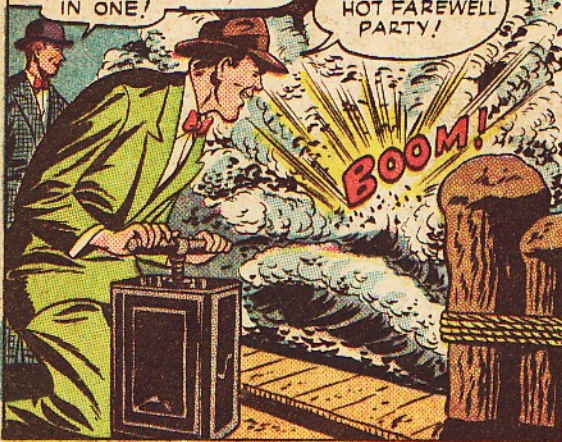
WITH PLEASURE! I'LL MAKE LIKE A STEVE-DORE AND GET THE NITRO ABOARD AND THEN WE CAN BLAST HER FROM HERE!



"THAT NIGHT, AMID THE LAST 'BON VOYAGES,' THE TRIPOLI FLYER BECAME A BLAZING INFERNO!"

NOW, NITRO... BLAST! WOW!
IT LOOKS LIKE TEN FOURTH
OF JULY'S ALL ROLLED
IN ONE!

HAW! HAW!
SAWYER'S
GETTING A
HOT FAREWELL
PARTY!



"A HALF HOUR LATER..."

COULD HAVE BEEN
THE BOILERS
BLOWING UP,
HUH, PARKER?

I CAN'T TELL NOW, LIEU-
TENANT, BUT WE DO KNOW
EIGHT PEOPLE, INCLUDING
ERIC SAWYER, WERE KILLED.
I'M CALLING MY FRIEND
FROM NEW YORK, DETECTIVE
MARK HALLIDAY, TO HELP.
HE'S ON VACATION,
VISITING ME!



"THERE WASN'T A SINGLE LEAD TO
WORK FROM. I GUESS I DISAPPOINTED
MY FRIEND— BUT I'M NO MAGICIAN..."

IT'S NO USE, PARKER.
ALL YOU HAVE IS A
STOLEN DETONATOR
WITH NO FINGER-
PRINTS. NOT A
CLUE OR A
MOTIVE... I'M
SORRY!

I GUESS
IT'S ANOTHER
ONE FOR THE
UNSOLVED
FILE!



"WHEN THINGS GOT TOO HOT IN
JERSEY, WOLF MOVED TO NEW
YORK TO THE BIG TIME
AND THE BIG MONEY..."

SO KIRBY HARRIS
IS PLAYING DUMB,
HUH? DOESN'T
WANT TO COOP-
ERATE! WE'RE
VISITING HIS
TRAINING
CAMP
TONIGHT!

YEAH, AN'
YOU CAN
FINALLY
SQUARE
THINGS
WITH HIM!



"THAT NIGHT..."
HERE
HE
COMES,
WOLF!

GET HIM, BOYS! AND
REMEMBER... ONLY
HIS HANDS! I
WANT HIM FINISHED
AS A FIGHTER!



THIS IS FOR KNOCKING ME
COLD IN NEW JERSEY,
YOU MUG!

ARGHH!



"THE NEXT DAY, POOR BATTERED
KIRBY COULDN'T EVEN
HELP THE POLICE..."

I DIDN'T SEE
A THING! SOME-
THING EXPLODED
AGAINST MY
HEAD AND
THAT'S ALL
I KNOW!

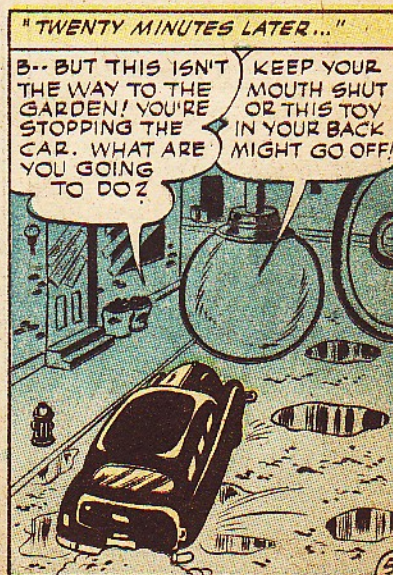
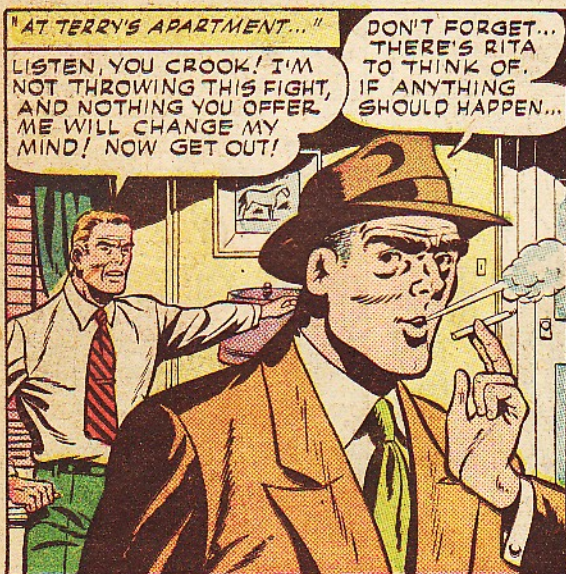
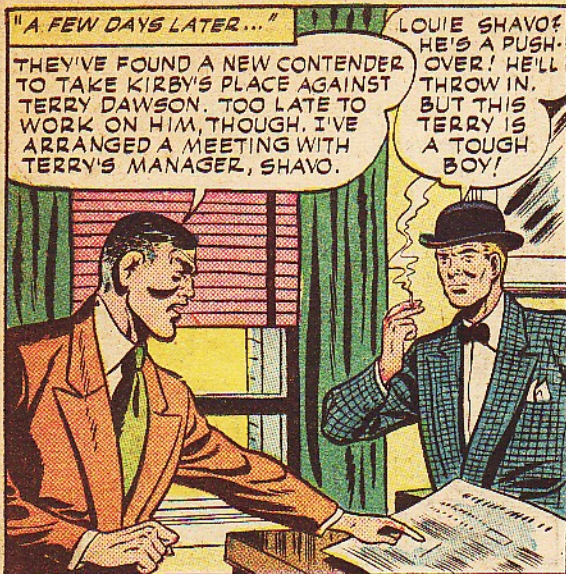
THERE'S NO
ONE BUT
WOLF LOGAN
YOU SUSPECT...
BUT I'M AFRAID
HE HAS AN
IRON-CLAD
ALIBI!

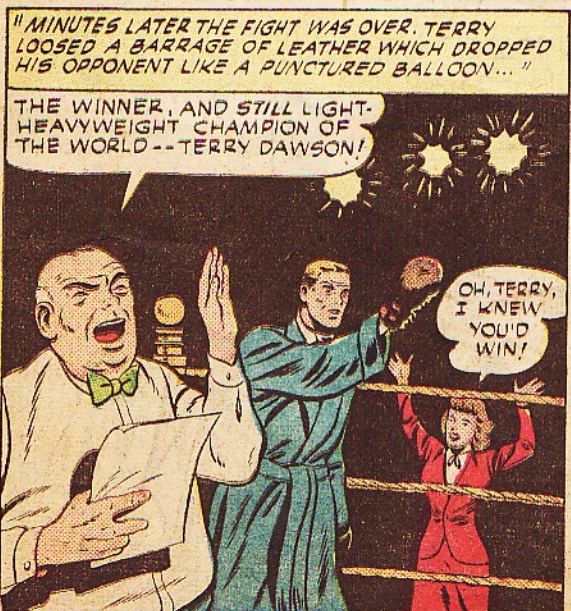
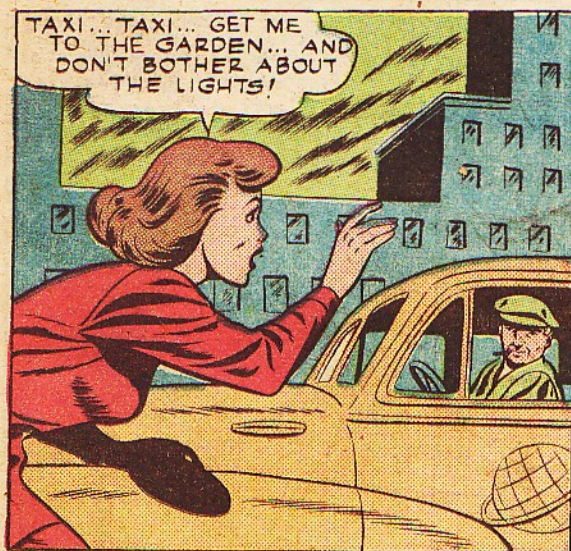


LOOK AT MY HANDS! THEY'RE
BROKEN, BOTH OF THEM! I'LL NEVER
FIGHT AGAIN... NEVER! AND
MY BIG CHANCE
WAS GONNA
BE NEXT
WEEK!

EASY, KIRBY!
YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! GIVE
YOUR HANDS
A CHANCE TO
HEAL! WE'LL
TRY TO FIND THE
DIRTY SKUNK
WHO FOULED
YOU!







"TERRY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. WHEN THEY FOUND HIS BODY, THE DRESSING ROOM BECAME LIKE A GRAVE..."

DON'T LOOK AT HIM, RITA. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US FIND TERRY'S KILLER. NOW, WHERE DID THOSE HOODLUMS TAKE YOU?

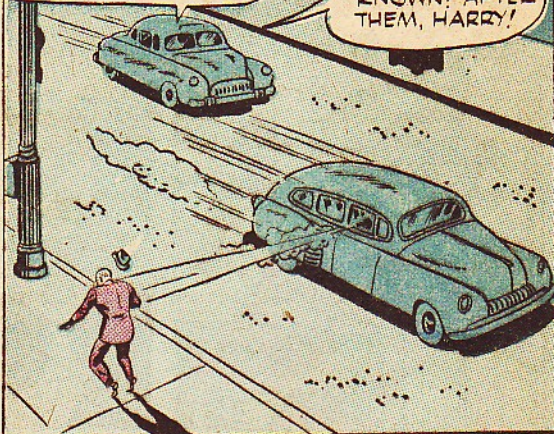
(SOB) IT WAS AN ABANDONED HOUSE IN THE 50'S NEAR THE RIVER. I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!



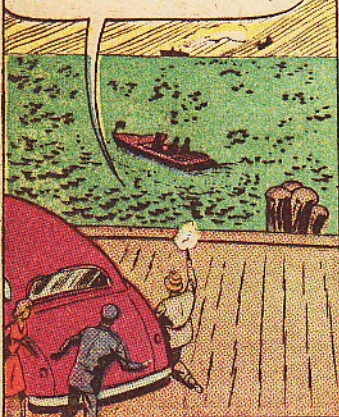
"IT WAS EARLY EVENING..."

HERE IT... LOOK, IT'S THEIR CAR! THEY'RE FIRING AT THAT MAN!

LOUIE SHAVO... THEY'RE GIVING HIM THE BUSINESS! THE PAYOFF! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! AFTER THEM, HARRY!



HARRY, GET THE HARBOR POLICE ON OUR TWO-WAY RADIO. THERE'S ANOTHER SPEEDBOAT DOWN HERE! WE'LL GO AFTER THEM. YOU STAY HERE, RITA!



THEY'RE GAINING ON US, WOLF!

WE'RE IN A JAM! THE HARBOR POLICE ARE COMING TOWARD US! WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD IN TOWARD SHORE!



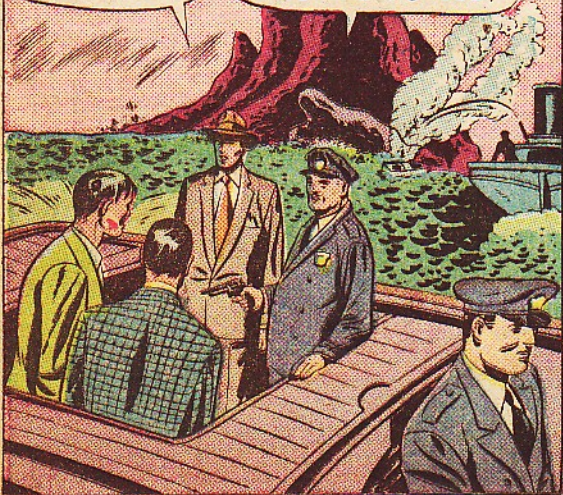
LOOK OUT! JUMP! WE'RE CRASHING!



HEEELP! I'M TRAPPED!

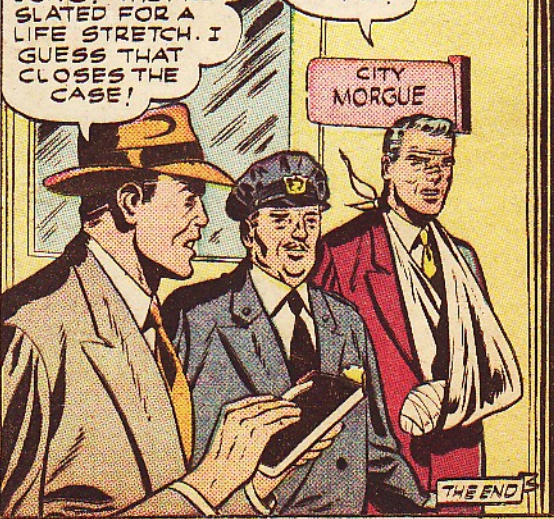
YOU RATS WERE LUCKY! YOUR BOSS IS FRYING RIGHT NOW!

THEY'RE STOPPING THE BLAZE, BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE LOGAN! WE'LL TAKE WHAT'S LEFT TO THE MORGUE!



SO THAT'S HOW IT ENDED! WOLF'S PALS SANG LOUD AND LONG! THEY'RE SLATED FOR A LIFE STRETCH. I GUESS THAT CLOSES THE CASE!

YEAH, AND IT WAS THE ONLY FIGHT WOLF LOGAN COULDN'T FIX!



THE END

NEWS REPORTER'S DILEMMA

The diamond pin was Lee's last resort for a drink. Charlie had it half the time, when it wasn't in the till of some café, and knew there was no way of refusing to lend the newspaper man the money. He reached for the pin.

Suddenly he stopped the movement of his arm, and Lee looked up into Charlie's face. What he saw made him stiffen and his eyes went over Charlie's shoulder to the mirror back of the bar.

In the mirror was framed the entrance door thirty feet away. It had been pushed wide and a man stood in the space, two others behind him.

It was Greasy Nordile!

A small clock, inset in the wood of the back bar, showed two-thirty in the morning. Greasy Nordile, framed in the mirror, stood talking to his men. Lee could see his lips move even at that distance.

Lee said, voice steady, "A whiskey straight, Charlie. Make it snappy. It may be the last one I'll ever have."

Lee's fingers reached forward a bit and curled around the diamond stick-pin where Charlie had dropped it upon the entrance of Greasy Nordile and his men.

Greasy's men were walking around the place. Greasy eyed them expectantly. They prowled through the washrooms, stockrooms and the kitchen. They nodded to Greasy. Charlie and Lee were alone. Greasy smiled malevolently.

Charlie slid a whiskey glass to Lee and then poured a nip for himself. Charlie sidled away again, clinked bottles together on the back bar in an assiduous effort to appear occupied.

There was a tight grin on Lee's face as he jabbed the diamond pin slantingly into the mahogany bar top. He sipped his whiskey until there was a rustle at his side. He turned slowly, saw Greasy Nordile, backed by the two men, up close. Something pressed gently into his side.

"I've been looking for you," said Greasy nastily.

"Yeah, and what of it, punk?" asked Lee quietly, his eyes slits of baleful fire.

The other's eyes became vengeful pools of narrowed flame at the words.

His arms were folded loosely across his chest and Lee could see the slight bulge under the left arm which told of the easily reached gat. Lee was very quiet and the half full whiskey glass in his hand was as steady as the eyes which arrowed into those of Greasy Nordile.

"Guess you'd better come with me," said Greasy. Then he added, "As a newspaper man, you're about ripe for picking."

Greasy's head jerked signals to the men behind him. They came forward, one on either side of Lee.

"You put too many cute things in that trick column of yours," suggested Greasy.

"I get paid for that," said Lee and held the whiskey glass to his lips.

"Yeah, you'll get paid all right, but you won't have much use for money after tonight," sneered Greasy.

"I'm petrified, punk."

Greasy's hand flicked out and knocked the whiskey glass from Lee's hand. He stepped back a half-step, swung with his right as he came forward on his toes and his brown fist smacked against Lee's jaw. Lee went back and to his right. His head cracked against the top rail of the bar, clattered against a brass cuspidor in falling, and then smacked against the inlaid linoleum. He twitched once and lay still.

Lee regained consciousness to the tune of littleimps beating a tattoo against the inside of his skull with tiny trip-hammers. He groaned, turned flat on his back, stretched, yawned and then raised his hands to his head.

Pain ebbed and flowed billowingly. He felt as if he were riding in pain-wracked jerks on a sea of torture. Finally the pain jabs lessened and he shook his head slowly to clear away the cobwebs. He was able to navigate fairly true when he struggled to his feet.

A water basin of corroded metal in the corner had a single faucet and Lee filled the dirty bowl and dunked his head into it repeatedly. He felt better now; reached for a cigarette and found two-thirds of a package in his pocket. He puffed gratefully.

The room was small, roughly plastered. There was a small bed and a dresser with half the mirror gone. A cobwebby Mazda threw uncertain light. A window heavily barred with thick wire mesh was to the far side of the bed.

Lee inspected it and discovered a red brick wall within twelve inches; escape that way was impossible.

"Darn it!" said Lee tonelessly and flipped his cigarette away.

There was the sound of a padlock being unfastened outside. The door opened and Greasy Nordile entered. He was grinning ghoulishly. His gat was handy.

"Picture of a newspaper man at the end of his rope," he said in rare good humor. Lee saw the safety guard of the gat was wide open.

"That's strange," said Lee evenly, "when a rope would fit your neck so nicely."

Greasy flushed and a gleam of hatred stabbed from his black pools of eyes.

"Go ahead," he taunted, "wisecrack like you do in that lousy column of yours. It'll be easy to fill that job of yours after you're gone. Wonder who they'll put on the column after tomorrow?"

"I'm worried to death about it," returned Lee and reached for another smoke. Then he added, "I'll still be at the old stand."

"Yeah, but in a casket. You write too much in that column of yours and you tell too many things. But no more, see? You know too much."

"Like that Pulaski killing, for instance, eh?" Lee grinned tauntingly into Greasy's face. The man paled.

Greasy's fingers tightened around the automatic.

Lee laughed. "You wouldn't use that if you knew what I know. Say, greaseball, do you know what my paper is doing right now?"

"I don't get you," snarled Greasy.

"You will in a minute. Well, I'll tell you. The city editor is working on headlines, Greasy, headlines. They probably read something like this: Famous Columnist Kidnaped. Greasy Nordile Known as the Kidnaped. Police Dragnet Out. Nordile Will Be Captured Soon Say Police." How do they sound?"

Greasy laughed, but there was a note of nervous shrillness in it.

"You make me laugh," he said.

"Yeah, you'll laugh, all right. And, punk," Lee's voice took on a deadly seriousness which was not lost on Greasy, "those headlines will be written in red! Get me, *written in red!*"

"Hundreds of police and detectives are looking for Greasy Nordile, a cheap hood who thinks he's a big shot. At an early hour this morning, Nordile and two of his men kidnaped Lee Ainsley, famed columnist of the *Star*, and Charlie Meeks, owner of a café.

"It is known that Lee Ainsley and Charlie Meeks are being held captives by Nordile and his men because the former printed thinly veiled innuendoes—there's a ten-dollar word for you, Greasy—saying that Nordile was soon to be questioned regarding the Pulaski murder mystery of a fortnight ago. It is said on most reliable information that Nordile will be in the hands of the police before noon today."

"How's it sound, punk?" Lee laughing taunted.

Greasy winced. "Smart guy," he said. "Well, just for that you go out now—"

There was the sound of running steps in the hallway outside. A man rushed into the room. In his hand was a newspaper with screaming headlines.

Headlines printed in red:

"Look, boss," he panted. "The paper is full of this kidnapin'! How'd they find out about it? We'd better lam before the cops—"

Greasy snatched the newspaper from the man's hand. Lee saw it was the *Star* and grinned.

STAR'S FAMOUS COLUMNIST MISSING!

KIDNAPED BY GREASY NORDILE!

CAFÉ PROPRIETOR ALSO TAKEN!

Police Dragnet Thrown Wide!

Capture of Nordile Expected Quickly!

"How did they get this?" screamed Greasy, and his face was chalk-white. His fingers around the automatic were trembling and the gun was shaking and weaving.

There was sudden inferno from below. A riot gun stuttered, punctuated by the blasts from Police Specials. A door crashed and there were the sounds of yells, trampling feet, a body smacked against the floor.

Lee grinned and there was excitement on his face now.

"Called the turn, didn't I, greaseball?"

Greasy Nordile screamed and jerked his gun higher to Lee's middle. His fingers contracted tremblingly, but Lee's fist caught him under the chin and the shot pinged against the wire mesh of the window. Lee dove and his shoulder caught the greaseball's solar.

Greasy slammed against the plaster with his head and squirmed over on the floor, his face smashed. Sounds came closer. There was the *wham* of a single shot and the man in the door doubled up and hit the floor head first, coughing.

"Hello, Griggs," said Lee, panting.

A broad patrolman barged in, gun ready. He grinned at Lee.

"Lo, Lee. You're a lot of trouble."

"Yeah, but looky, you get your name in the column for this, flatfoot."

"Gee, in *your* column, Mr. Ainsley!" There was awe on the cop's face and he grinned again.

Detectives filled the small room. Lee shook hands with Detective Hobbs, in charge. Charlie, the barkeep, crowded in and shook, too.

"Pretty good work, Lee," complimented Hobbs, and looked at Greasy.

"Aw, give the credit to Griggs; he's earned it. I always did like a guy who reads my column!" Lee grinned.

"Yeah," said Griggs, "I copied it down on this piece of paper. Here it is." He read slowly from the paper taken from his pocket.

Greasy N. got us—On spot—Search N's place—Hurry.
LEE AINSLEY

"You're a good cop, Griggs," said Lee. "I'm going to run your name in big caps tomorrow."

Griggs grinned.

"Say, Griggs," asked Lee, "when did you get that message?"

"About three, I guess it was. I was trying doors and saw that Charlie's place was wide open. Went in and couldn't see a soul. Walked over to the bar and saw something glittering like a beacon light. Looked close and then saw the writing on the bar. We'd heard Greasy had it in for you and of course he had to snatch Charlie, too, because he knew too much about your kidnaping. I got busy then."

"Good boy," said Lee again and reached for a cigarette.

The patrolman, Griggs, reached behind the flap of his coat and handed something to Lee.

"By the way, Mr. Ainsley," he said, "here's that diamond stickpin of yours you used to scratch the message on the red paint of Charlie's bar! Sure don't see how you had a chance to write it."

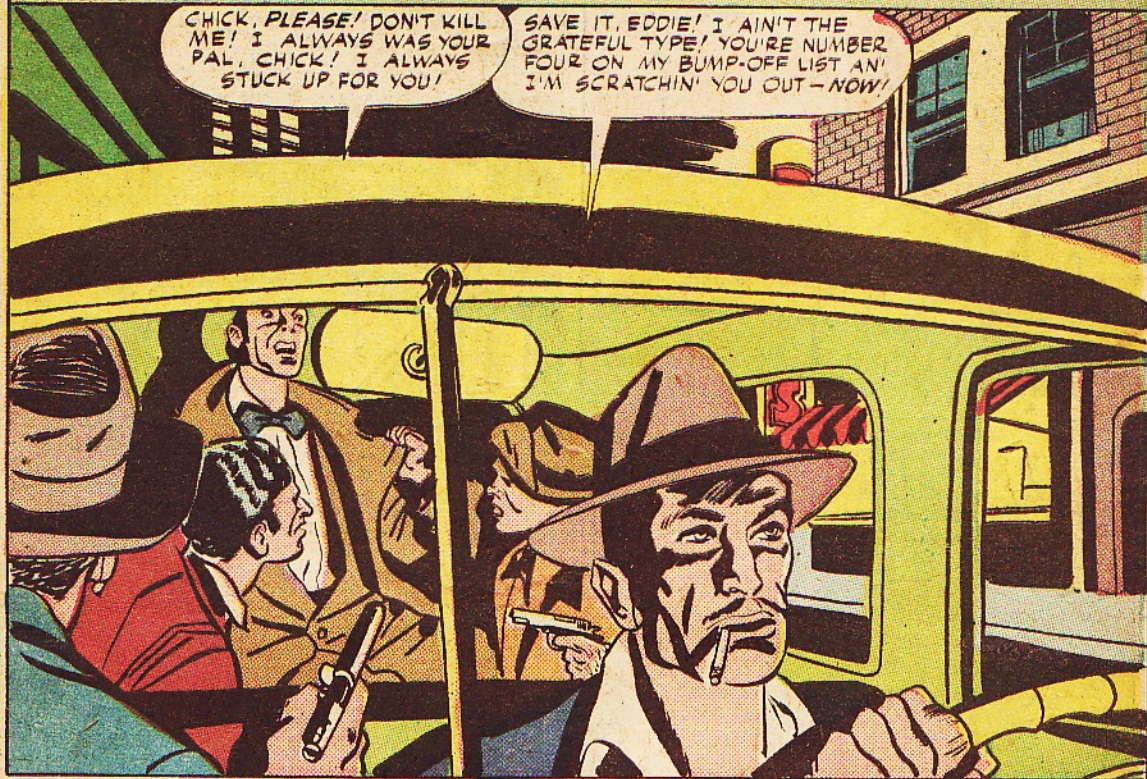
Lee said, "I sure had to work fast. Thought Greasy saw me writing it for a minute, but I got away with it. Don't see how you read it. Anyway," he grinned, "I always said that pin was worth more than ten bucks!"

THE END

The DEATH TOUCH OF CHICK RIGNEY

CHICK, PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME! I ALWAYS WAS YOUR PAL, CHICK! I ALWAYS STUCK UP FOR YOU!

SAVE IT, EDDIE! I AIN'T THE GRATEFUL TYPE! YOU'RE NUMBER FOUR ON MY BUMP-OFF LIST AN' I'M SCRATCHIN' YOU OUT—NOW!



"ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GANG THAT WAS REALLY TWO GANGS. ONE, LED BY ROGER FENMORE, LIVED IN PENTHOUSES AND NIGHTCLUBS UPTOWN. THE OTHER, LED BY CHICK RIGNEY, LIVED IN FLOPHOUSES AND DIVES DOWNTOWN. YET THEY REMAINED ONE GANG TILL THE LOWER CRUST ERUPTED AGAINST THE UPPER CRUST WITH A FLAMING VIOLENCE THAT SPRANG FROM THE HATRED OF ONE MAN, WHOSE VENOMOUS ENVY COULD ONLY BE SATISFIED BY THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF HIS ENEMIES..."

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE WORLD, CASSIN. YOU WON'T SEE IT AGAIN FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS!

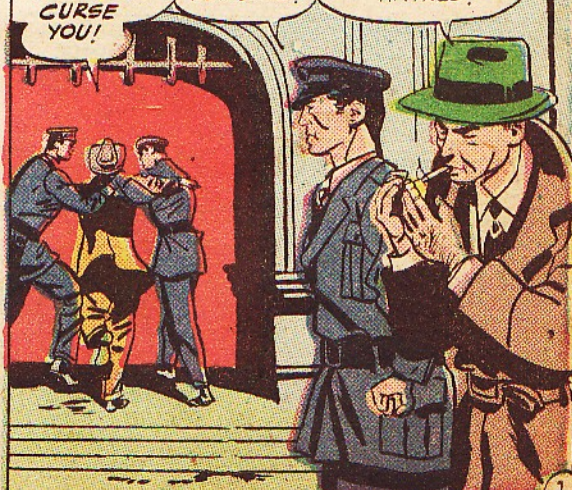
CHICK RIGNEY DID THIS TO ME! THE DIRTY SKUNK! HE PUT ME HERE!



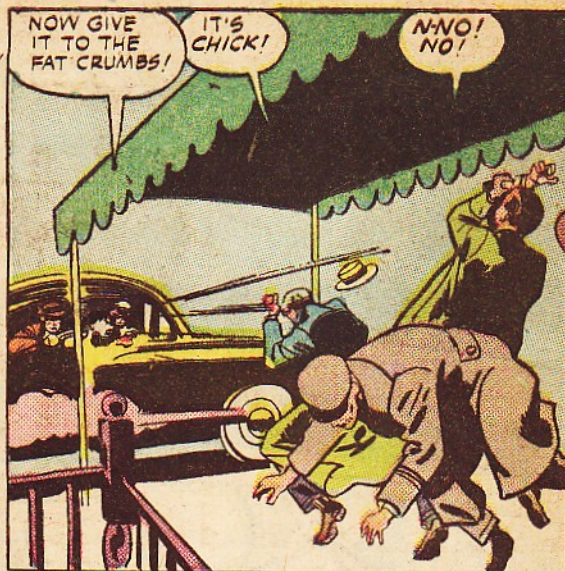
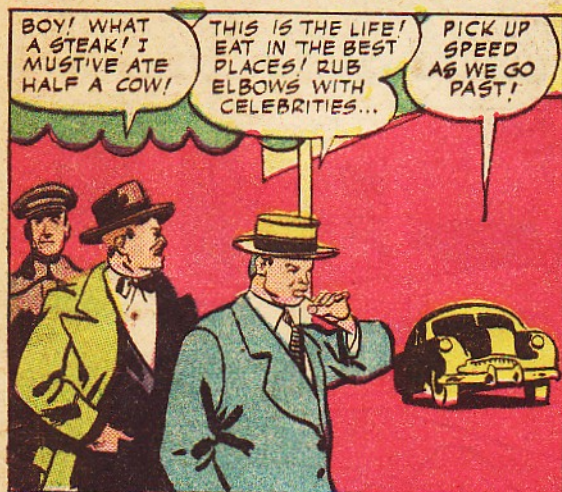
HE RUINED ME! CURSE YOU, RIGNEY—CURSE YOU!

WHO'S RIGNEY, MARSHAL?

A BEAST WITH A HEART FULL OF HATRED!



"THE KIND OF GRUDGE CHICK RIGNEY NURSED TOOK YEARS TO GET TO THE KILLING POINT, BUT ONCE IT DID, THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE SLAUGHTER!"



"CHICK RIGNEY WAS NOT TO BE DENIED HIS REVENGE! THE HOUR OF REBELLION HAD STRUCK!"



"THE POLICE CAME AND PRETTY SOON A MAN NAMED ROGER FENMORE SHOWED UP. FENMORE LOOKED MORE LIKE A WALL STREET PLAYBOY THAN THE BIG SHOT GANGLAND FIGURE HE ACTUALLY WAS."

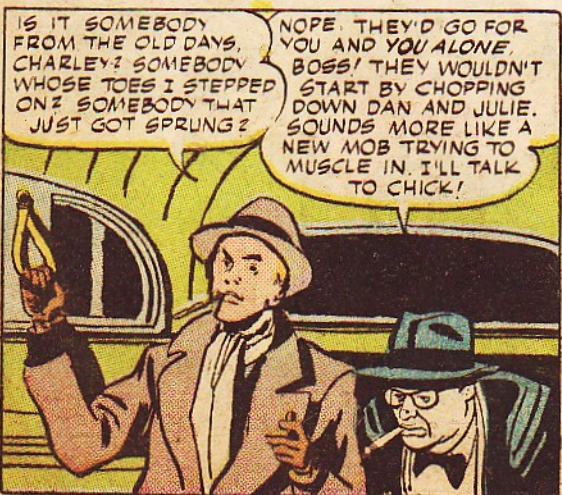


I'M RETIRED! I'VE GOT NO ENEMIES! THEY'RE ALL DEAD OR IN JAIL. I DON'T KNOW WHO KNOCKED OFF DAN AND JULIE AND I DON'T CARE!

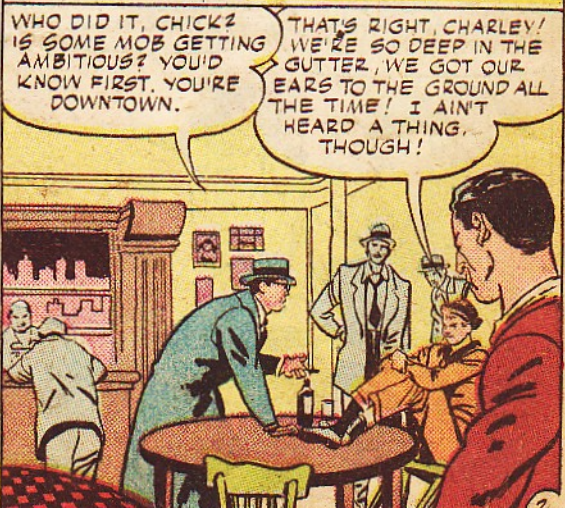
OKAY, FENMORE. BUT DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU WHEN THE LEAD STARTS FLYING YOUR WAY!



"BLUFFING THE POLICE WAS ONE THING, BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS LIMOUSINE, ROGER FENMORE WAS FAR FROM INDIFFERENT!"



"SO CHARLEY STARK, FENMORE'S MOUTHPIECE AND GO-BETWEEN, WENT DOWNTOWN..."





LOOK, YOU MUGS, I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF LISTENING TO YOUR BACK-HANDED SLURS AGAINST THE UPTOWN CREW! IF FENMORE HEARD ABOUT THIS...

... HE'D DO NOTHING! 'FENMORE WON'T DIRTY HIS TOOTSIES BY COMIN' DOWNTOWN! WE'RE JUST THE RIFFRAFF WHO DO THE DIRTY WORK!



TELL FENMORE WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES OPEN. IF WE HEAR ANYTHIN', WE'LL PHONE!

I'LL TELL HIM, CHICK



THAT WASN'T SMART, CHICK. YOU TIPPED CHARLEY OFF. HE'LL GO BACK AND TELL FENMORE THAT SOME-THING'S COOKING IN HIS OWN GANG!

LET HIM, THE CRUMMY MOUTH-PIECE! WE DO THE DIRTY WORK. WE STICK OUR NECKS OUT! BUT THEY GET THE FAT DOUGH! THEY'RE THE RETIRED MILLIONAIRES!



WELL, WE'LL RETIRE 'EM - TO A MARBLE ORCHARD! WE'LL KILL 'EM ALL!

SURE, CHICK, SURE! ONLY DON'T GO OFF THE DEEP END! YOU'LL PUT EVERY-BODY WISE TO WHAT'S GOIN' ON!



SOON...

WELL? WHOSE MOB IS AFTER US?

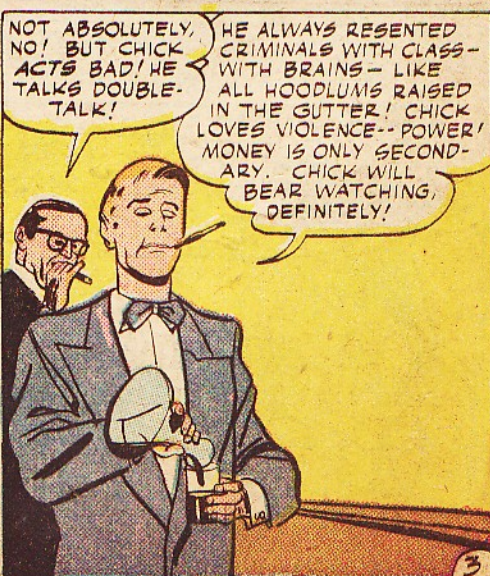
YOUR OWN!



YOU MEAN... CHICK? CHICK RIGNEY IS AFTER US? BUT WHY?

CHICK HATES GIVING US THE LION'S SHARE OF THE TAKE! HE HATES TAKING ORDERS!

A MAN WITH A HATE IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY! ARE YOU SURE, CHARLEY?



NOT ABSOLUTELY, NO! BUT CHICK ACTS BAD! HE TALKS DOUBLE-TALK!

HE ALWAYS RESENTED CRIMINALS WITH CLASS-- WITH BRAINS-- LIKE ALL HOODLUMS RAISED IN THE GUTTER! CHICK LOVES VIOLENCE-- POWER! MONEY IS ONLY SECONDARY. CHICK WILL BEAR WATCHING, DEFINITELY!

"SO WHILE THE UPTOWN FINANCIERS WORRIED,
THE DOWNTOWN RATS WENT TO WORK..."



NEWTON'S ON THE
ROOF TAKING HIS
SUNBATH. YOU
STILL WANT TO
GO THROUGH
WITH THIS,
CHICK?

DON'T TALK LIKE A
FOOL, LENNIE! GET
GOIN', BOYS! DO A
GOOD 'PAINT JOB'!
WE'LL BE WAITIN'
FOR YOU NEAR
THE SCAFFOLD!

CLEVER, EH? TWO "PAINTERS"
GO UP ON THE SCAFFOLD. THEY
REACH THE ROOF - THEY
TAKE OUT TWO RODS WITH
SILENCERS ON 'EM. A
COUPLE OF SOFT POPS,
AND NEWTON DIES OF
TOO MUCH SUNBURN!



SOONER OR LATER,
FENMORE'S GOIN'
TO FIND OUT! HE
WOULDN'T BE WHERE
HE IS IF HE WASN'T
SMART!

BUT I'M SMARTER! I'M TAKING
OVER THIS GANG! IF WE STICK
OUR NECKS OUT, IT'LL BE TO
MAKE US RICH,
NOT THE LEECHES!



O--OKAY,
CHICK! I'M
WITH YOU
ALL THE
WAY!

"SO THE 'PAINTERS' WENT
ALOFT AND PAINTED
THE ROOF RED!"



HELLO,
NEWTON!
REMEM-
BER
US?

WH-- WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

TAKE
ONE
GUESS!

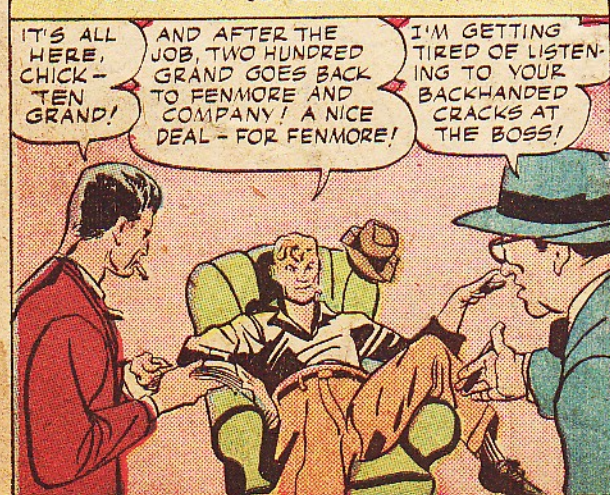
"NOBODY HEARD THE GUNS GO OFF
BUT NEWTON. AND NEWTON WAS
IN NO CONDITION TO
TELL ABOUT IT!"



CHICK'S A GENIUS
WHEN IT COMES
TO PLANNING A
RUBOUT! WHO'S
NUMBER FOUR
ON THE LIST?

EDDIE VAYO.
SIGNAL
CHICK THAT
EVERYTHING
WENT FINE!

"THE FOLLOWING DAY, CHARLEY STARK WENT
DOWNTOWN TO DELIVER THE CASH TO BACK A
CAPER - A JEWEL ROBBERY!"



IT'S ALL
HERE,
CHICK -
TEN
GRAND!

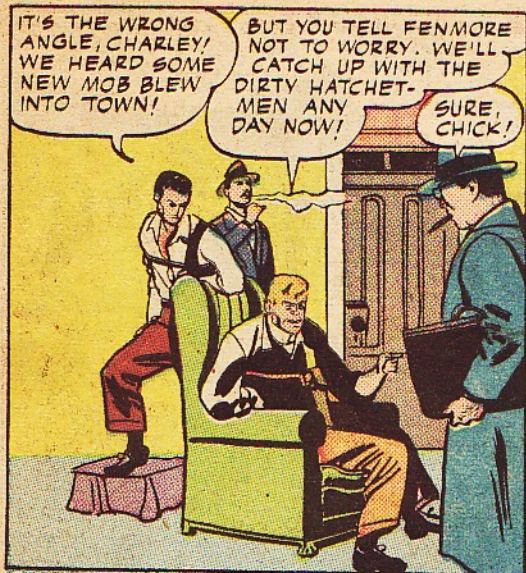
AND AFTER THE
JOB, TWO HUNDRED
GRAND GOES BACK
TO FENMORE AND
COMPANY! A NICE
DEAL - FOR FENMORE!

I'M GETTING
TIRED OF LISTEN-
ING TO YOUR
BACKHANDED
CRACKS AT
THE BOSS!

SPEAKIN' OF BOSSES,
I HEAR SOME MOB
GOT NEWTON ONLY
YESTERDAY! GOT
ANY IDEA WHO'S
AFTER THE
UPTOWN
BUNCH?



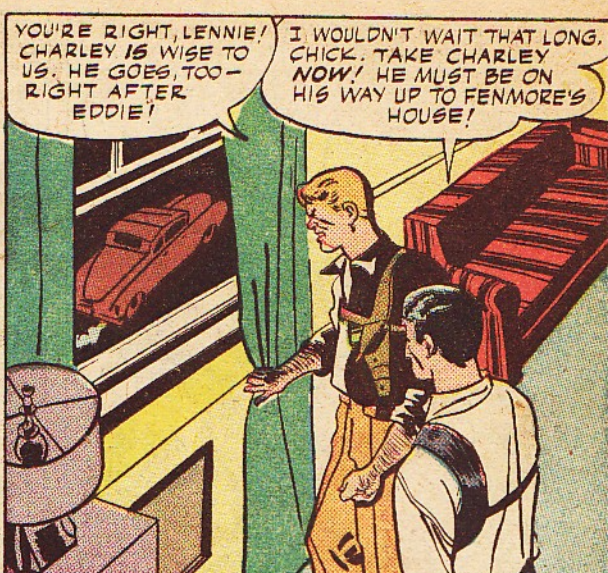
NOPE. NO IDEA AT
ALL. FENMORE
FIGURES IT MUST
BE SOME NUT WHO
GOES WAY BACK TO
THE TIME WHEN HE
OPERATED
DOWNTOWN!



IT'S THE WRONG
ANGLE, CHARLEY!
WE HEARD SOME
NEW MOB BLEW
INTO TOWN!

BUT YOU TELL FENMORE
NOT TO WORRY. WE'LL
CATCH UP WITH THE
DIRTY HATCHET-
MEN ANY
DAY NOW!

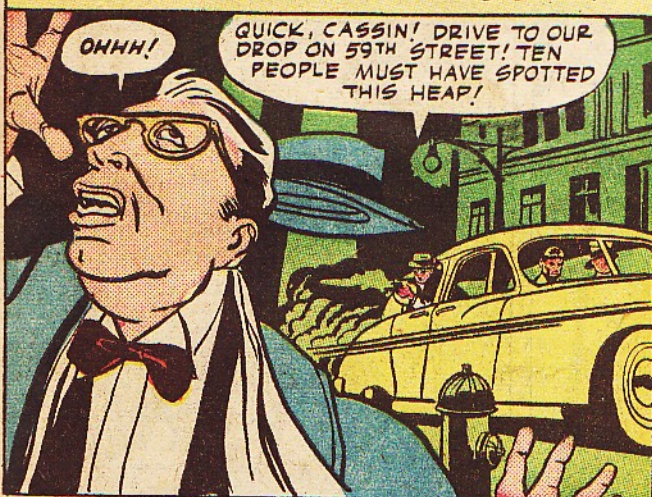
SURE,
CHICK!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LENNIE!
CHARLEY IS WISE TO
US. HE GOES, TOO—
RIGHT AFTER
EDDIE!

I WOULDN'T WAIT THAT LONG.
CHICK. TAKE CHARLEY
NOW! HE MUST BE ON
HIS WAY UP TO FENMORE'S
HOUSE!

"A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE CROOKED MOUTHPIECE
WAS ABOUT TO ENTER FENMORE'S BUILDING, A CAR
PASSED AND MADE A NOISE THAT WASN'T BACKFIRE!"



OH!!

QUICK, CASSIN! DRIVE TO OUR
DROP ON 59TH STREET! TEN
PEOPLE MUST HAVE SPOTTED
THIS HEAP!

"TWENTY MINUTES LATER..."

THEY'RE GETTING
CLOSER, FENMORE!
STILL WANT TO KEEP
YOUR MOUTH SHUT?
STILL WANT TO
PRETEND YOU'RE
NOT MIXED UP
WITH THE GANGS?

THIS IS NOT A
GANG KILLING!
CHARLEY STARK
WAS A RESPECT-
ABLE LAWYER!
I'M THROUGH
WITH CRIME, I
TELL YOU! NOW
LEAVE ME ALONE!



"ROGER FENMORE WAS IN A SPOT.
TO PUT IT MILDLY. SO WERE THE
HALF DOZEN MEN HE FRANTICALLY
CALLED TEN MINUTES LATER!"



CHARLEY STARK WAS JUST
RUBBED OUT! WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING! COME TO
MY HOUSE TONIGHT A 8 P.M.
SHARP— ALL OF YOU!

WE'LL
BE
THERE,
BOSS!

"BUT EDDIE VAYO COULDN'T MAKE
THE APPOINTMENT. HE WAS
UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED!"



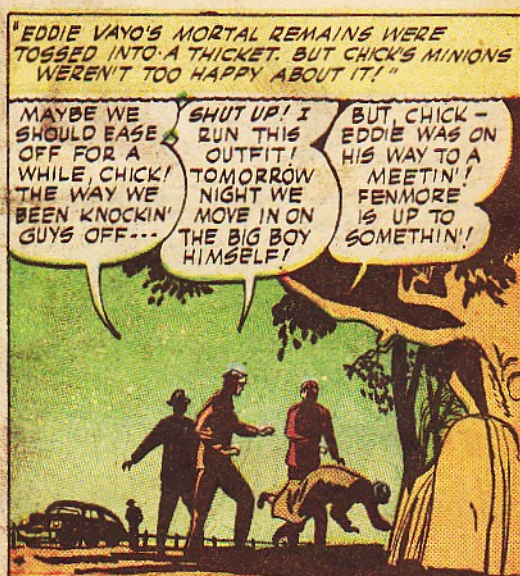
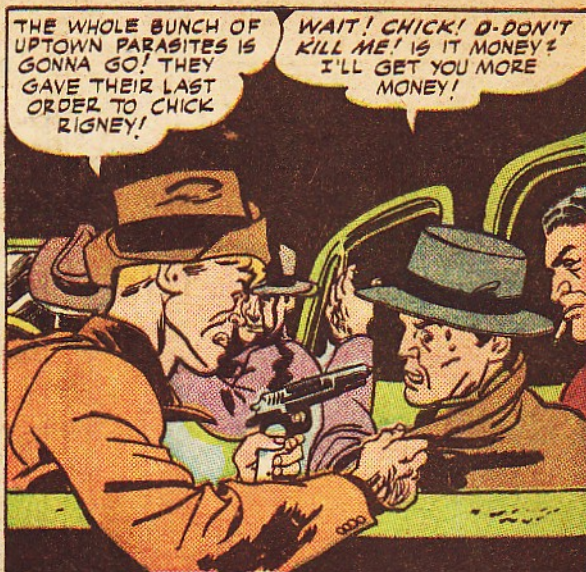
EDDIE! WHERE
ARE YOU GOIN'
IN SUCH A
HURRY? CAN'T
YOU STOP AN'
TALK TO A
PAL?

CHICK! LOOK,
CHICK, YOU
KNOW FENMORE'S
ORDERS! YOU
MUGS CAN'T
COME UPTOWN!

I KNOW. BUT WE
AIN'T LISTENIN'
TO FENMORE'S
ORDERS THESE
DAYS— RIGHT,
LENNIE?

RIGHT! DON'T
GO FOR THAT
ROD, EDDIE,
OR I'LL LET
YOU HAVE IT
NOW!





"LENNIE CAME ALIVE, AND WHAT'S MORE, HE CAME TALKING!"

IT WAS ALL CHICK'S IDEA! HE MADE US GO ALONG WITH HIM! HE HATES TO TAKE ORDERS!

IF YOU COOPERATE WITH US, LENNIE, YOU'LL BE THE NEW HEAD OF THE DOWNTOWN BUNCH!



YOUR IDEA WORKED SWELL, MR. FENMORE! CHICK FELL FOR THE WHOLE STORY! I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET HIM OUTSIDE YOUR SKI LODGE TOMORROW NIGHT. WE RUSH THE LODGE, BUMP YOU OFF, THEN SET FIRE TO IT!

EXCELLENT! LET'S DRINK A TOAST NOW - TO THE NEXT LEADER OF THE DOWNTOWN MOB - LENNIE HODGE!



"SMART AS FENMORE WAS, HE WASN'T SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE A CROOK ALWAYS SELLS OUT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. THUS IT WAS WITH FENMORE'S OUT-OF-TOWN HOODS!"

FENMORE WILL KNOCK YOU OFF AT CLOSE RANGE AND PLEAD SELF-DEFENSE!

THEN LENNIE TAKES THE MOB OVER, EH? I CAN SEE IT NOW - THOSE BARRELS ROLLING TOWARD THE SKI LODGE...

WHAT BARRELS?



"THE FOLLOWING NIGHT CHICK DROVE UP IN A PICKLE WORKS TRUCK. THE BARRELS SMELLED OF BRINE - A VERY UNUSUAL SMELL FOR TNT!"

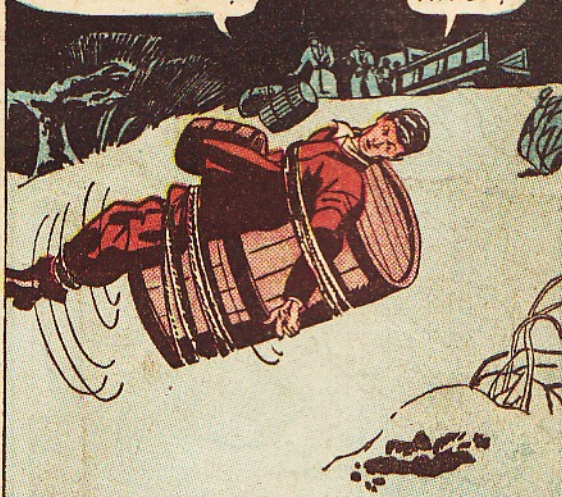
WHAT ARE THE BARRELS FOR? I'LL TELL YOU, LENNIE - TO ROLL DOWN THE HILL! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE THE DYNO ISN'T LONESOME, YOU'LL KEEP THE BARRELS COMPANY! TIE THE DIRTY TRAITOR UP!

WAIT, CHICK! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?



CRAZY AS A FOX! GIVE MY REGARDS TO FENMORE ON YOUR WAY DOWN!

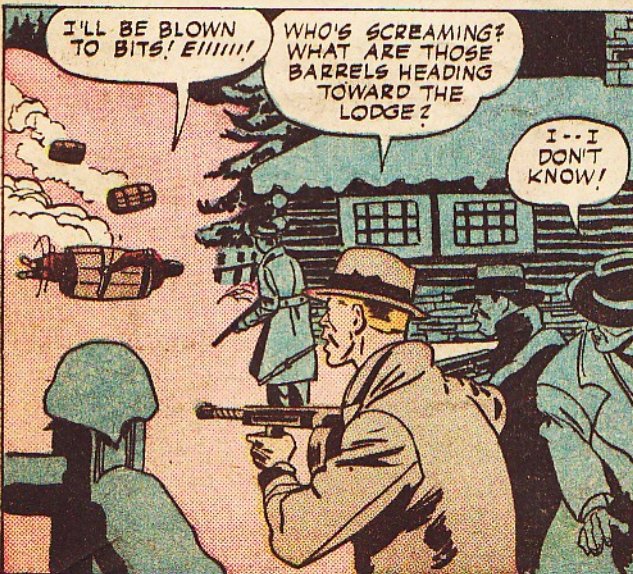
AIEEE!



I'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS! EEEEE!

WHO'S SCREAMING? WHAT ARE THOSE BARRELS HEADING TOWARD THE LODGE?

I -- I DON'T KNOW!



IT'S TNT! EAAAA!

NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE GANG! MY GANG! CHICK RIGNEY'S GANG! THE UPTOWN FINANCIERS ARE GONE FOREVER! TWO-BIT SPLITS ARE GONE FOREVER! NOW WE'LL HIT THE JACKPOT!



"BUT RIGNEY EXULTED TOO SOON! THERE WAS ONE SURVIVOR OF THE BLAST—AND HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SPEAK ONE WORD!"

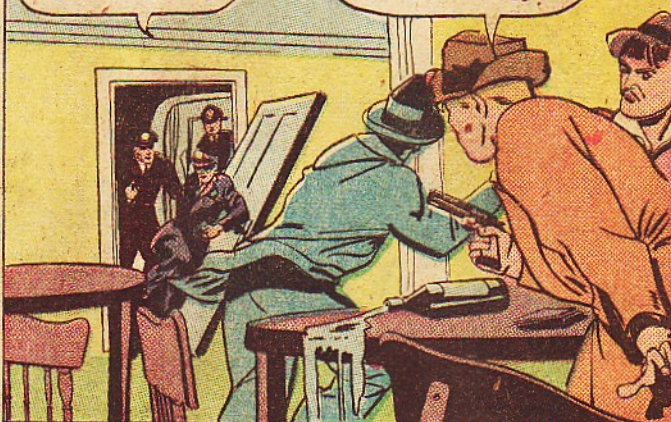


"...RIGNEY! CHICK RIGNEY! FENMORE'S OLD SIDE KICK BEFORE FENMORE 'RETIRED'! SO THAT'S WHO RAN THIS BUMP-OFF BARRAGE!"

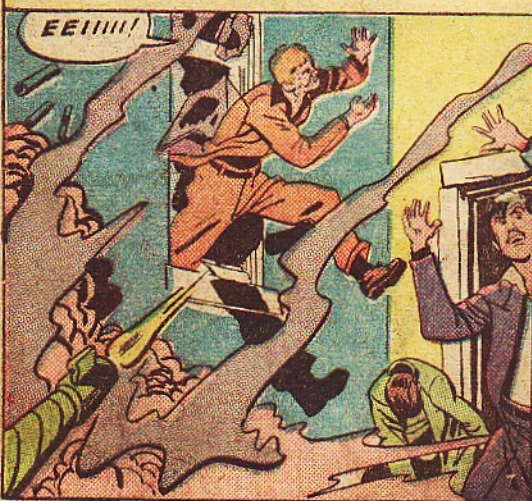
"THE SAME NIGHT, A RIOT SQUAD VISITED CHICK'S HANGOUT!"

DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUNS! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THE BLOCK IS SURROUNDED!

THE COPPER IS LYIN'! OUT THE BACK WAY! IT'S THE CHAIR IF THEY NAIL US!



"NAIL THEM WE DID—WITH COFFIN NAILS! WE CAUGHT THE RATS FLAT-FOOTED IN THE ALLEY!"



EEIIIIII!

THOSE WHO SURRENDERED, LIKE CASSIN, GOT LIFE! LOOK AT CASSIN NOW—STILL FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF! STILL BLAMING RIGNEY FOR HIS OWN MISTAKES!

IT'S ALWAYS THE OTHER GUY! THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF CHICK RIGNEY IN EVERY INMATE, MARSHAL! THAT'S WHY YOU AND I ARE IN BUSINESS—TO STAY!



THE END

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SEND IT TO US POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN MARCH 9, 1951, ALONG WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND AGE. IN CASE OF A TIE DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. DO IT NOW!! HURRY!!

MEN AGAINST CRIME - 23 WEST 47 ST. N.Y. 19, N.Y.C.

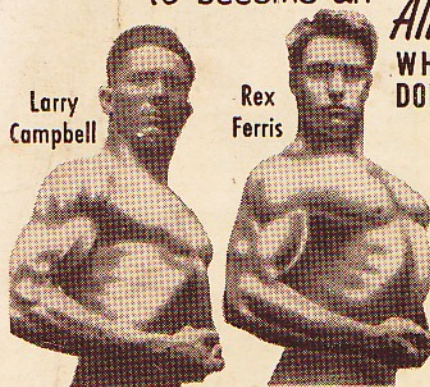
Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris



Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

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AMAZING
get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**
Instead of \$1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

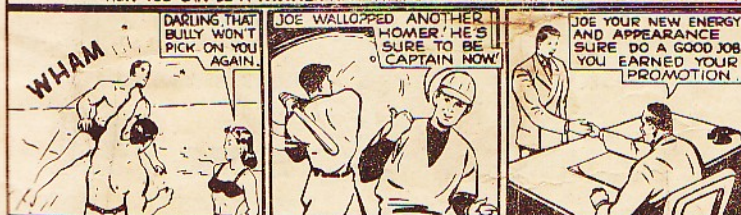
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an **"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**

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BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

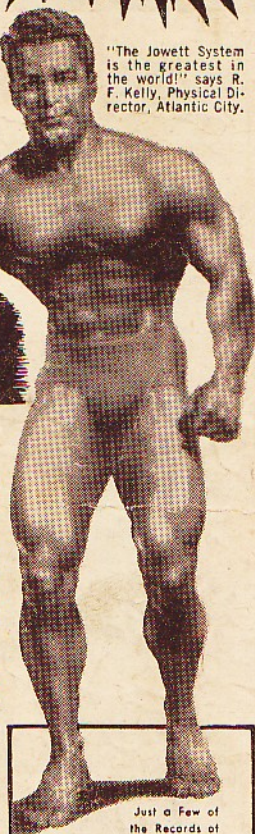
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DEPT. MC-14

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Champion of Champions

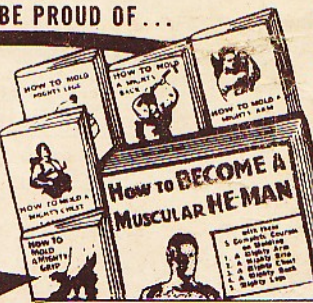
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REDUCE

A full-length portrait of a woman standing, facing slightly to the right. She is wearing a long, dark, patterned dress with a high collar and a full skirt. The background is a light-colored fabric with a small, repeating floral pattern. The image is a reproduction of a painting, showing some texture and color variations.

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